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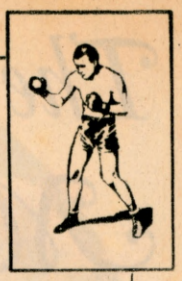

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

The Hebrew race has had wonderful success in fisticuffs. The Israelites rank only second to the Irish in pugilism. Read what the versatile Bill Miller has to say about “The Jew in Boxing.”

California, in “The Good Old Days” prior to Commission rules, was the home of the greatest fighters of America. Joe Choynski, at one time one of the world's foremost heavyweights, now one of Ohio's leading referees, tells an interesting story of “California's Golden Age of Boxing.”

The indoor wrestling season has started off with a bang. Those interested in this ancient sport will find considerable information in the second of a series on “The History of Wrestling in America.”

These, in addition to the usual high-class features by Wilbur Wood, Jack Curley, Daniel M. Daniel, Nat Fleischer, Arthur Lumley, A. D. Phillips, Jimmy Johnston, Charles F. Mathison and Joe Humphreys.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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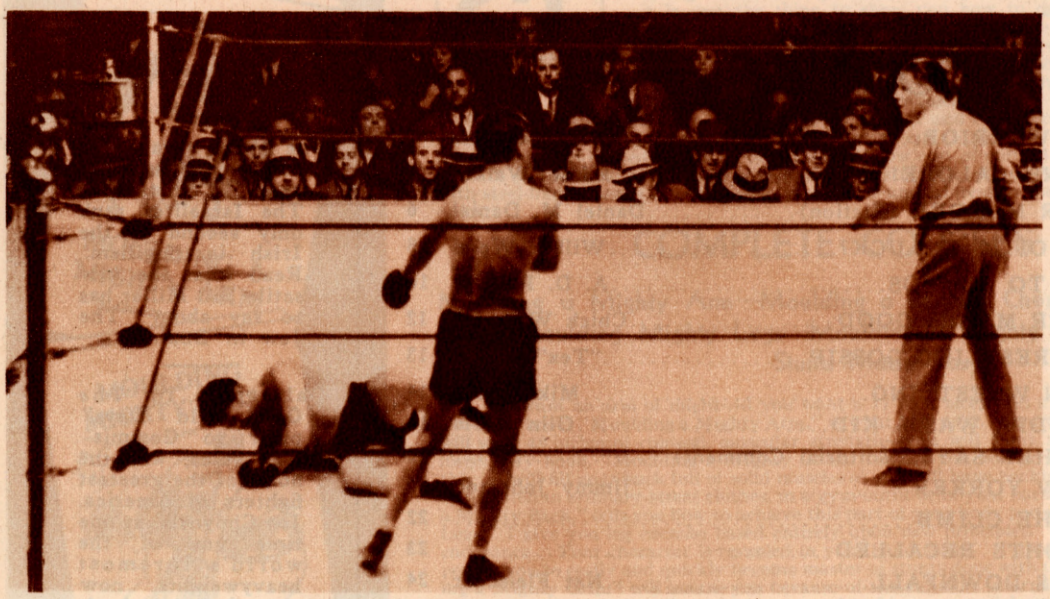
The GAME WARRIOR

MICKEY WALKER, like Joe Walcott, is a great little fighter. Make no mistake about that. He fully demonstrated that to the satisfaction of a huge gathering in the Madison Square Garden Bowl when he went down, fighting hard, before the onslaught of Max Schmeling. He proved that he has a fighting heart and an abundance of courage, but that as a heavyweight contender, he'll never do because of his size and weight.

Mickey is a great fighter. He stands heads and shoulders over any light heavyweight in the world and could be the champion of that division and the middleweights were he to confine his fighting to those classes. But he asked too much of himself when he tried to take the measure of that German stalwart, Max Schmeling. The boy who came out of the Fatherland three years ago, unheralded, except by me—I being responsible for his journey to the land of Milk and Honey—may not be the world's best fighter of all time, but judging by the standards of this era, he is the smartest, coolest, hardest hitting, calculating ring warrior of the day, and it takes more than a Mickey Walker to put him out of the running in his aim to reacquire the world's heavyweight title.

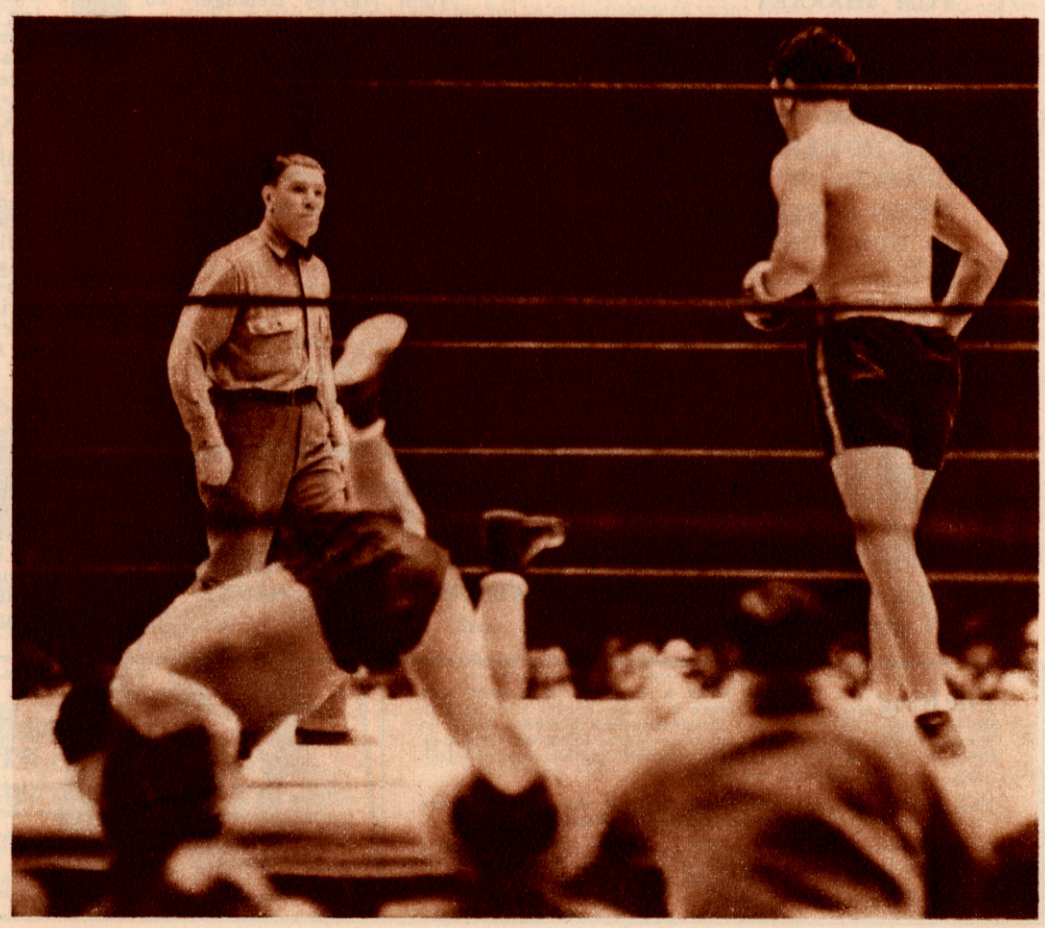
And judging by the masterly manner in which he polished off the game, aggressive Toy Bulldog once the stage was reached where the finishing touches were just a matter of minutes, he made such an impressive windup, that there were few among the 60,000 spectators who didn't wonder how Herr Max could miss reaching his goal. If Schmeling can keep his present form, and will fight Sharkey instead of box him as he did in their last encounter, the German Uhlan will be the first heavyweight champion to regain the crown he had once lost—an achievement in which such marvels as Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries and Jack Dempsey had failed.



The first knockdown in the eighth round. Walker lands on his side and remains down for a count of six

* * *

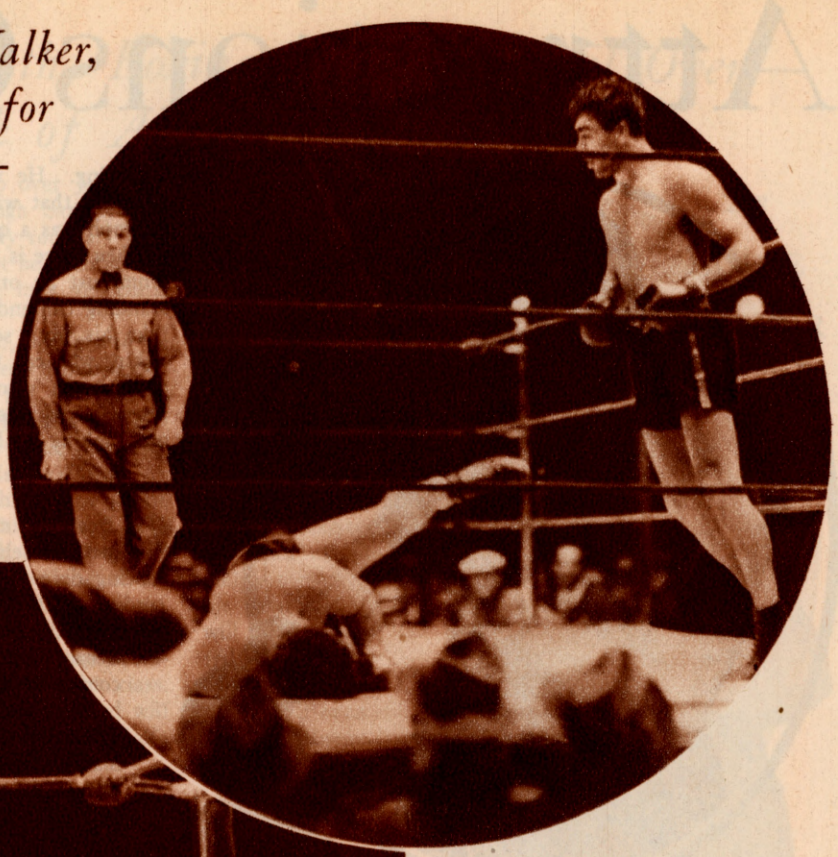
HENCE, it is no disgrace to be stopped by Schmeling as was Walker, who, battered to a pulp, sitting helpless in his chair, did not come out for the

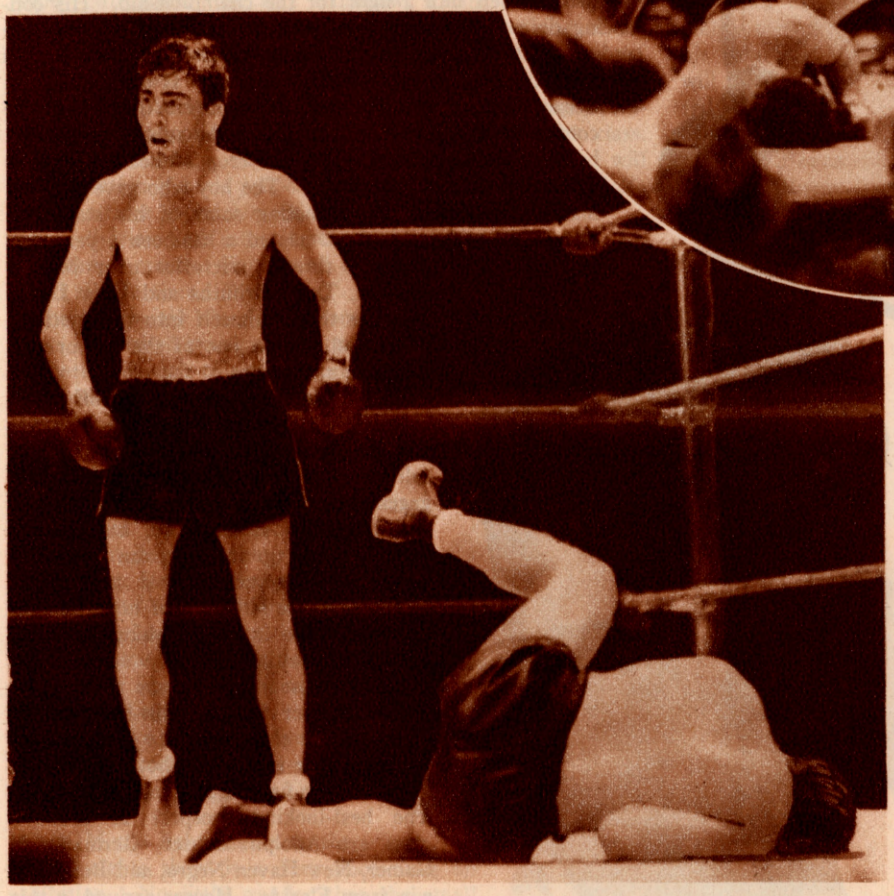


A left and right to the jaw sends Mickey down for a count of nine for the second knockdown in the eighth. He seems helpless, yet rises to take severe punishment

Lion-Hearted Mickey Walker, Checked in His Quest for Heavyweight Laurels—Max Schmeling Qualifies for Return Bout with Sharkey . . . .

By
NAT FLEISCHER





And still another close-up of the same knockdown, showing the queer twist of the Jerseyite's body

Another view of the second knockdown, showing how Mickey landed on his ear

ninth round. Mickey would willingly have responded to the call of the bell, but the hand of his mentor, the veteran Jack Kearns, saw to it that the slaughter was halted. He instructed Jack Denning, the referee, to award the fight to Schmeling, a proceeding that was welcomed by the gathering with shouts of approval.

That eighth round will long live in the memory of those who witnessed it. In those three minutes of fighting there was more action than the fans of New York have seen in a heavyweight battle since the night that Heeney was laid low by Gene Tunney. Floored in the first session by a terrific right to the jaw, the bell saving the Jersey boy at the count of seven, Mickey found his bearings in the next round in which he was shaded by Schmeling and then came along and actually outpointed the 3 to 1 favorite by a brand of fighting that was amazing.

When the seventh round was ended, my score card and that of others showed Walker in the lead, four rounds to three, Mickey having gained the third, fourth, fifth and seventh. To all appearances it seemed that another close tilt, with a division of opinion regarding the winner, would be the result.

But Schmeling thought otherwise. He had solved Walker's style of attack and was ready for him. Employing a countering attack, he had found that he could reach Mickey every time after the Jerseyite had led with that famous left of his. Schmeling quickly discovered a way of beating Mickey's ace. He let Walker lead, then countered with a right that hit straight and true to the chin. Max's right cracked that chin so often that it was surprising to see Mickey stand up.

The moment Walker's left touched the German's body, Max's right went to the mark and it was that counter style of attack that brought about the downfall of one of the greatest little men seen in the roped square since the days of Joe Walcott.

* * *

THE finish came unexpectedly. Schmeling had sensed the condition of Walker. He knew that gameness alone could not win a battle and he realized that those straight right hand smashes to the jaw had damaged Mickey considerably.

Coming out for the eighth round, Schmeling worked his man to one side of the ring against the ropes. They backed away and as Mickey momentarily had dropped his guard, Schmeling cracked a right across and the (*Continued on page* 35)

Attractions Galore!

Johnny Risko

WELL, the promoters at last are forced to admit that there no longer is a scarcity of talent or alluring attractions.

For several years those who make up our fistic cards had wailed over the alleged lack of "cards." As a matter of fact, boxing, in the last five years, has had more outstanding attractions than it boasted even in the piping times of Tex Rickard. Imagine what Tex would have done with Carnera. Or Max Baer. Or even Isidoro Gastanaga. What is missing is vision and the gambling spirit. It still is true that nothing risked, nothing gained.

Baer's recent performances make him one of the outstanding heavyweights of the country. And Johnny Risko, who is making a splendid comeback. And Stanley Poreda, who has come back with a bang. Then there are Gastanaga, the summer sensation who recently lost a return bout to Hans Birkie that all non-partisans admit was won by Gastanaga; King Levinsky, Mickey Walker and Max Schmeling, hard-hitting heavies who should be good for at least four sell-outs either in New York or Chicago.

The New York Garden and the Chicago Stadium are the only organizations that can put boxing back where it belongs, and if they can get proper co-operation from the above fighters, there is no doubt but that all will be seen in several indoor bouts and that their presence will aid in boxing's recovery.

True, those named are not fighters who possess extraordinary skill, but they do give promise of putting fisticuffs back into the spotlight if given the opportunity. Poreda should prove a good card in and around New York, where he has a big following. He was an uncertainty until he beat Schaaf and followed that with a victory over Carnera, even though that triumph was a questionable one.

Then there is the case of Baer, who during the summer rose from just an ordinary heavyweight into the position of outstanding contender. He has great possibilities if he will only take his work seriously. He is a powerful, game, aggressive fighter who can take severe punishment without a whimper—a young man who is both colorful and likable and in many respects reminds one of the young Jack Dempsey when he was making his bid to fame.

* * *

IF Baer can maintain the pace he set last summer, he will force himself into a fight for the championship. His convincing defeat of Schaaf, whom he knocked out only to lose credit for the k.o. because it came within only two seconds of the final round to go, was his ace feat. It practically put Schaaf out of the running, for henceforth he will be compelled to fight himself back into the role of contender.

The dark horse of the present crop of heavies is none other than the veteran Risko. The boy who gave Rickard many a headache by eliminating some of his stars, has come back with a bang. Declared a has-been a year ago, Johnny, through victories over Mickey Walker, Tuffy Griffiths and King Levinsky, has thrust himself into the spotlight again and will be one of the indoor season's big attractions.

Primo Carnera

As for Gastanaga, he started off auspiciously by achieving a wonderful feat in kayoing Retzlaff in the first round, but he fell victim to Hans Birkie in his next engagement. Gastanaga has plenty of color and hits with either hand, but he will have to pick up in American technique before he becomes a real topnotcher. However, there is plenty of hope for this Spaniard. He is good-looking, colorful, and has a healthy wallop.

Maxey Rosenbloom seems destined to go on forever in the light-heavyweight division. He always rises to great heights when his title is at stake but looks like a palooka when fighting in overweight bouts. The best-looking prospect in Maxey's class are Adolph Heuser, German; Al Gainer, New Haven Negro, and Bob Godwin from Florida. Heuser arrived in this country last year and created a furore with his plucky style of fighting. He is a club fighter who keeps his two hands quite busy and incidentally keeps the fans in high tension.

Gainer is a vicious, two-fisted body puncher. Godwin has class, and as he is only a youngster, he'll bear watching.

Patsy Perroni, of Canton, Ohio, looked like a great prospect until he was injured in an automobile accident, and it is doubtful if he will ever fight again. If he does and his ability is unimpaired by the layoff, he will make things hum in big style.

* * *

NEW YORK has heard plenty of Frank Battaglia, Winnipeg middleweight, and the fans will see him in action shortly. Battaglia, Sammy Kid Slaughter of Terre Haute and Ben Jeby of New York are the three outstanding middleweights of this country, and judging by their respective performances against one another, Battaglia enjoys a huge

No Longer May the Boxing Promoter Wail Over a Lack of Alluring "Cards"

By EDDIE WALKER

advantage. Battaglia holds a one-round kayo over Jeby and also a technical kayo over Slaughter, although Sammy was accredited with several knockdowns in the early rounds. Jeby has been making great strides lately and cannot be counted out in the running for middleweight honors. He may yet reach the top.

Marty Sampson, latest New York sensation, appears to be headed for big things. Marty has always been handicapped because of lack of confidence, but lately he has managed to assert himself in forceful fashion and he has the class and hitting power that makes a champion. The only thing that may prevent Sampson from reaching the top is his cockiness.

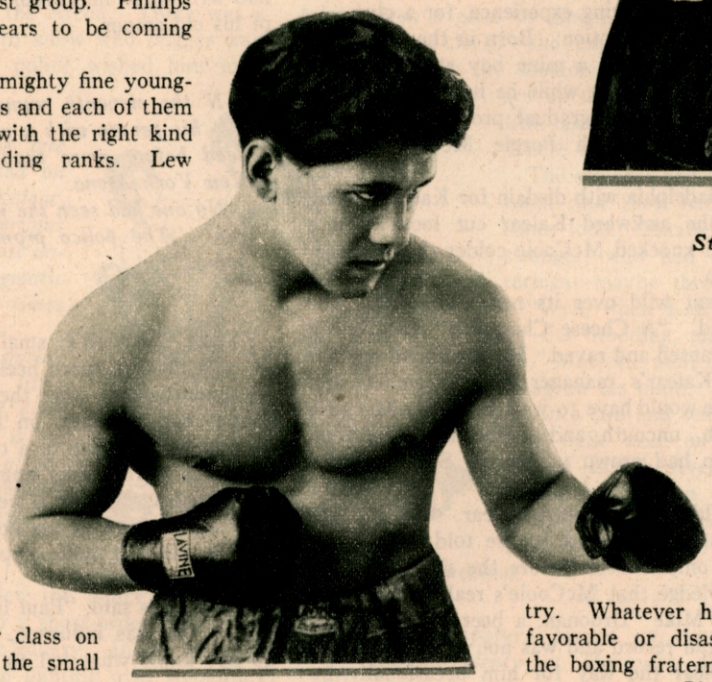
Lou Brouillard, though losing his welterweight title to Jackie Fields, gained considerable prestige through his victory over Jimmy McLarnin. He is a southpaw, strong, awkward, and will prove a tough obstacle for anyone. Not because of his prowess, but because of his style.

Teddy Yarosz, undefeated Pittsburgh youngster, Eddie Kid Wolfe, from Memphis, and Jimmy Phillips from Orange, comprise the best-looking youngsters in the welterweight class. Yarosz is a clean-cut boxer, with abundance of class, and will be a sensation if he is properly matched in New York. Wolfe seems to have found himself since fighting in the 147-pound division and rates in the first group. Phillips has been a steady winner and appears to be coming ahead all the time.

The lightweight class offers some mighty fine youngsters. A spirited bunch of contenders and each of them competent enough to advance and, with the right kind of break, step right into the leading ranks. Lew Massey, Philadelphia; Barney Ross, Chicago; Tracey Cox, Indianapolis; Prince Saunders, Chicago; Lew Kersch, New York; Eddie Cool, Philadelphia; Tony Falco, Philadelphia; Joey Costa, Jersey City; Battling Gizzy, Pittsburgh; Jack Willis, Philadelphia. This comprises the best-looking lot of aspirants for a title and competition should be keen and spirited between them. Ross seems to have the most all-round class of the entire group.

* * *

FROM the lightweights to the flyweights there is a very poor class on exhibition. No little wonder that the small fellows, as far as drawing purposes are concerned, are a dead issue. There is no one worth while developed in the junior lightweight class which is headed by Kid Chocolate.



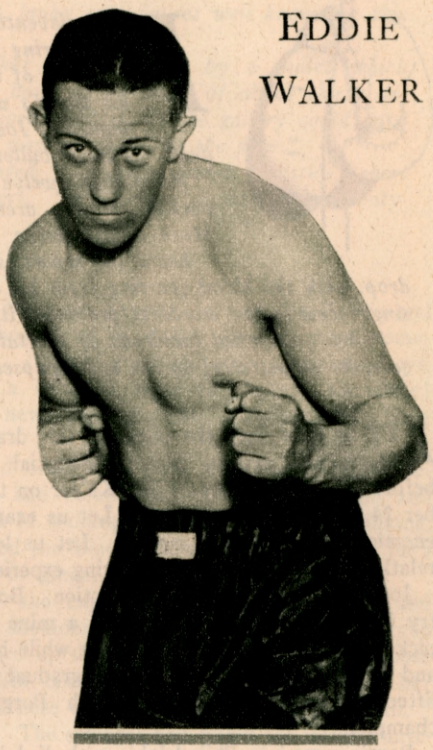
Frank Battaglia

In the featherweight division, Lew Feldman, Brooklyn boy, seems to be the best of the lot. He has improved considerably in the past season and may stir things around New York. The division is without a leader and Feldman practically heads the group with his victories over Tommy Paul and Kid Francis.

Ned Tarleton is the best bet in England and may return to this country to prove his right to the world crown. Albert Ladou, an Algerian Negro, who fought around New York under the name of Cles Mei Deig, is performing wonders around Montreal. He was developed into a local card. His recent victories over Johnny Pena and draw with Roger Bernard added to his prestige.

Speedy Dado, flashy Filipino, leads the bantam contenders, and there is a formidable array of talent there but the interest is dead. Pete Sanstol, Norwegian entry; Baby Arizmendi, Mexican phenom, Emile Pladner and Eugene Huat, of France, and Young Tommy, another Filipino, comprise the best of the bantams.

In the flyweight group there is Little Pancho, brother of the late Pancho Villa, who is cutting quite a figure. If Little Pancho possesses one-tenth of the ability owned by his brother, he will do plenty to redeem the flyweight class. Young Perez, French claimant, and Babe Triscaro, of Cleveland, also rank high in the midget division.



Stanley Poreda

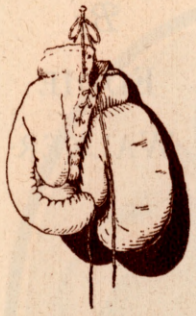
New York is considered the leading market for new importations in the boxing game. Madison Square Garden is the leading boxing center of the country. Whatever happens there, whether favorable or disastrous, the balance of the boxing fraternity is affected by the consequences. If the Garden shows partiality towards heavyweights, the rest of the country leans that way. If the Garden goes in for flyweights, the tendency around the country is to follow that lead.

That is why Madison Square Garden; as the leader in boxing, should take the initiative in every move and show keen judgment in the selection of its cards. The Garden should help develop local talent and also should keep bringing in new faces to keep the game in the spotlight. A successful promoter's first and only thought should be to satisfy the public, and in that respect Jimmy Johnston, Garden head, has the chance of a lifetime to make himself a great figure in the field.

Never in the history of Madison Square Garden has there ever been a matchmaker who was not interested, slightly or extensively, in a group of boxers which were foistered at every possible opportunity on the people. It is a human fallacy about there being a perfect matchmaker, but if there is, he hasn't come to the surface yet. Those evils naturally extend to other quarters and must be eliminated.

The Kalear Murder

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



IN the eleventh round, as he stood off sparring with Johnny Deacon, one of the contenders for his world's welterweight championship, Joe Kalear was shot dead. A single bullet did the trick.

More than twelve thousand persons packed the big arena in New York. More than twelve thousand persons heard the report, saw the titleholder drop, with the blood spurting from his chest. And not a single clew to the murderer presented itself.

Police questioned hundreds of spectators. No one had seen the perpetrator, no one had glimpsed a gun.

* * *

LET us turn back the pages in this drama, to paint in the facts and certain perhaps essential scenes which came before the foul murder of Joe Kalear on the night of November 24, 1927, at 10:46 o'clock. Let us examine his friends, his enemies, for a possible motive. Let us look into his various relationships, the history of his ring experience, for a clue.

Joe Kalear was of Polish extraction. Born in the coal country in Pennsylvania, he had been a mine boy at Scranton, a pick man at Wilkes-Barre. All the while he had been fighting, and by a slow, painful and very gradual process, Joe finally lifted himself into a match with Porgie McCoole, world champion.

Porgie came into Philadelphia with disdain for Kalear. Well, in the second round the awkward Kalear cut loose with a right from the floor and knocked McCoole colder than the statistics of the depression.

The coal country went wild over its new champion. The country at large sneered. "A Cheese Champion," they called Joe Kalear. McCoole ranted and raved. He demanded another match. Ike Smaler, Kalear's manager, merely smiled and announced that McCoole would have to wait his turn. McCoole was a somewhat rough, uncouth and if the truth be told, unsavory character who had grown up on the San Francisco waterfront.

McCoole made no mild threats against Kalear. "I'll get that palooka if it is the last act of my life," he told a group of "sports" in New York only a week before the shooting.

It was common knowledge that McCoole's real manager and "owner" was "Mooney Mike" Droonan, a beer baron in Chicago, who had quite a gun record and was not averse to ordering his henchmen to clear the way for him occasionally by the shooting route. Droonan had shot a newspaperman in Chicago who had made a play for his "moll."

* * *

AS I have said, Joe Kalear came from the Pennsylvania coal mine country. In Scranton he had become engaged to a girl by the name of Flesky—Daisy Flesky—who had been in burlesque as La Belle Svelte.

The Flesky girl had grown up in a cabin adjoining that of the Kalisczki family. Kalear really was Kalisczki. Joe had gone into the mines, Daisy had become a waitress in a miners' hangout and then had drifted off with an itinerant "burlycue" outfit. Tired of the road, she had come back and snagged the facile, all too easy and impressionable and inexperienced Joe. They had become engaged.

The Flesky girl was at least six years Kalear's senior. Love was torrid at the start. Then Joe took to the road, fighting. He met other dames, from New York to Chicago. And he began to realize that there were feminine allures more attractive than those of Daisy.

Kalear became engaged to four other girls within the two years preceding his murder. There was Dora Haines, who was a waitress in St. Louis. And then Lulu Zimmer, a showgirl in New York; Zira Vivideri, still another girl of the footlights; and Marie McCalley, a Greenwich Village femme looking for a thrill while out of work as a commercial artist.

Marie had tired of Joe in a week and had tossed him overboard. Of course, she was the one girl whom Joe really and sincerely had liked—perhaps even loved.

Toss the McCalley girl out of consideration, and file away the other four—especially Daisy from Scranton—for future reference. "Joe will not get away with this," the Flesky dame had announced around Scranton, time after time. The latest dope on her was that she had taken to heroin, and Joe's friends had written to him from Scranton advising him to keep clear of his old amour.

* * *

IN the eleventh round, as he flicked light punches off his person with a nimble guard, Joe Kalear was shot dead before more than twelve thousand persons in the New York Arena.

No one had seen the murderer, no one had glimpsed the gun. "The police promise an arrest within twenty-four hours."

* * *

PAUL ZARNET, small-time promoter, manager of small-fry fighters, ward heeler, and withal a good judge of boxing potentialities, was the man who had discovered Kalaer. Zarnet had put him on in an emergency four-rounder and then had signed Joe to a contract, as manager.

It was Zarnet who engineered the bout with McCoole in Philadelphia. Within a week after Joe had become champion, Paul had turned in his contract. Zarnet refused to explain. But he made it quite apparent that he had not relished the break in relations.

His friends said, "Paul is sore—a lot more than he will talk about. He has influence, and he has an awful temper. We do not know what led to the break. But it was not voluntary."

What happened after Kalear had won the title? Who had influenced Zarnet to give up his rights to the champion to Danny Cuff? What were Cuff's antecedents? In so far as anybody knew, Danny was an upright, on-the-level fellow, perhaps a little crafty, but boasting a good record. Was there a man behind the scenes?

At one time Cuff had been connected with the McCoole interests. But the police did not regard this fact as having a vital bearing on the Kalear murder.

* * *

IN the fifth round of the Kalear-Deacon fight, the fans had become impatient and had started to give the champion the Bronx cheer. The gallery boys had whistled the current equivalent of the old "Merry Widow."

A red-faced onlooker in the fourth row,

Details of Mysterious and Horrible Shooting of Champion in Arena Ring

ringside, had stood up and shouted, "Go on, Deacon; get the four-flusher. Lay him cold. He deserves it, the rat."

The red-faced man was "Slats" Zycker, a common gambler. The police picked him up and grilled him for several hours. "We expect an arrest in twenty-four hours."

* * *

THE Police Department detectives picked up every clue, every possible thread of what might be woven into a fabric of circumstance leading to a motive.

Jack Maffert was one of your amateur experts—a sort of Philo Vance or Craig Kennedy.

He jumped into the case. Jack ransacked Kalear's quarters in the Dulane Hotel in New York—something the police should have done.

Maffert found a letter, with a post-mark some eighteen hours before the murder. "Tuckahoe, N. Y."

"Meet Joey and give him that paper before the fight with Deacon. If you do not do this there will be trouble. The matter is overdue now and it would not be very wise for you to let it drag. You were warned before and yet you persist in getting into a jam again. Now, remember, give Joey that paper BEFORE the fight." This note was signed "Nigger."

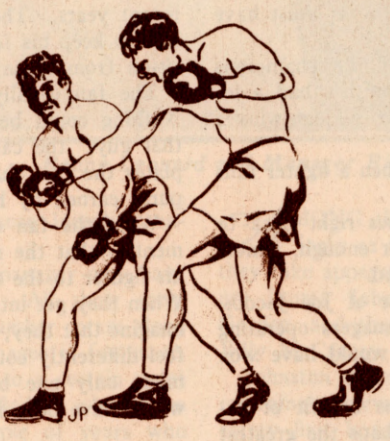
Who was Joey? And who was Nigger? Maffert quizzed the boxing gang, the hangers-on around the Arena. There was a hundred Joeys, and nobody seemed to know who Nigger was.

Maffert went to Tuckahoe. The police wished him luck.

* * *

THE Kalear-Deacon fight was one of the worst title bouts forced on a long-suffering fistic clientele. Kalear, never a great boxer, seemed nervous right from the start. That was most unusual. He had been a rather phlegmatic boxer, inclined to crack wise at times to the boys in the press row.

He had kept Deacon off with purely defensive tactics and had made little effort to bring about an interesting, even if innocuous, fight. "Something is on Joe's mind," said Johnny Minter, of the Star, when Kalear ignored the hooting crowd and refused to rouse himself.



* * *

ON the fifth day after the murder, the police brought in one Mike Scroggins, a waiter in a short-order restaurant.

Mike said he had had a seat in the gallery. In the eleventh round, he explained, he saw two men fighting over something which gleamed in the dim light, and which he had reason to believe was a gun.

They wrestled for a time—and then he heard the report and saw Kalear fall.

He had not regarded the scrap as anything extraordinary. "The boys fight a lot up there—more than the fighters in the ring, most of the time," the waiter laughed. The gun? Well, he had seen guns and guns, and if a couple of birds wanted to wrestle over a gat, it was okeh with Mike, and it was also good business to look away and not bother men in that frame of mind.

One of the wrestling men was short and swarthy. Yes, he had made some remarks during the fight in an Italian accent. The other man was lanky—and silent. Might be anything.

In the excitement after the shooting Mike had lost track of them. Yes, he could identify the swarthy one. But the other bird—well, it wasn't so extra light up there. "And, mister, I ain't so anxious to be mixed up in this, anyway!"

The cops grilled Mike for three hours, and finally they sent him back to his short orders.

MAFFERT laughed when the police anounced that they were on the trail of the short, swarthy one and the silent, lanky one, figures well known to this department.

"Kalear was shot in the chest by a bullet which ploughed into his body at an angle of about thirty degrees. In other words, nobody in the gallery could have murdered Joe. It was somebody on the floor."

The police grunted. The department ballistics expert agreed with Maffert. "We expect an arrest in twenty-four hours."

* * *

TWO days later Marjorie Laverre, late of the Follies and the Scandals, showed up at Police Headquarters, somewhat gaudily dressed. "Pose for my picture? Certainly, boys. Lift my skirt just a trifle to show the knee? Certainly! Glad to oblige the news photographers. They always have been kind to me."

Well, Marjorie had been Joe's guest a couple of nights before the fight. He had complained that he was stale and needed a slight break in training routine. He did no drinking, and they had attended the Black Ant night club without Joe's taking even a glass of ginger ale.

"At one o'clock," she explained, "a man dashed in and grabbed Joe by the shoulders. He said, 'So that's what you are up to, eh? Fine goings on. Suppose Bill hears of this? Where will you be? Where will I be? Behind the eight ball.' "

The stranger had called Joe into an anteroom and they had argued long and at times loud. Finally Joe had punched the stranger, who had left with divers mutterings—maybe threats.

"Well, when Kalear comes back to me, he sits brooding, and I try to cheer him up," Marjorie went on. "But he has something on his mind. At two o'clock he put me in a cab and sent me home, and I saw him walk west on Forty-seventh Street toward Eighth Avenue. I think he was joined by a man who came out of a nearby doorway. But I was so sore over being shipped home that I paid no attention to the newcomer."

* * *

THE newspapers played up the new clue. They showed plenty of Marjorie's leg in the pictures. They told about her career, her dramatic "abilities," her looks—and they were not bad—that is, her looks.

The next day Danny Cuff appeared at headquarters. "I was the man who caught Joe at the Black Ant club and raised hell with him for breaking training," Danny explained. "See this mouse under my right eye? Well, he gave it to me."

Maffert chuckled. He had given up chasing his clues in Tuckahoe. He had discovered that the letter from that town referred to a ticket for speeding which Kalear had tried to get "fixed."

* * *

THE newspapers began to josh the police, and Commissioner Meegan got somewhat testy.

He called in Chief Inspector Cooley. "I want action on this Kalear case. A fighter in the Arena is murdered before twelve thousand persons, and you chase all sorts of funny and crazy clues trying to make a case against folks with real alibis.

"Among the twelve thousand there must have been one man who saw the shot fired. Offer a (*Continued on page* 35)

How Much of It

"MAX SCHMELING is one of the most underestimated fighters ever to come along," remarked a student of Queensberry affairs during a fanning bee the other day.

"On the contrary," spoke up another life-long follower of the so-called art of self-defense, "Schmeling is one of the luckiest fighters that ever lived. He never would have been champion if he had not happened along at a time when there were no real heavyweights standing between him and the title."

"Speaking of lucky fighters," chipped in a third member of the group, "what about Jack Sharkey? There's a fellow who seldom failed to disappoint the fans with a dismal fight when they expected him to do something worth while. He even won the championship by the grace of Lady Luck, on a bad decision. In spite of all his bad fights, he always managed to stay up there and he has made more money than many a truly great champion. If he isn't a lucky guy I never saw one."

Before the boys finished debunking the champions every one of the heavyweight kings, with the exception of Jeffries and Fitzsimmons, was credited with more luck than ability. Even John L. Sullivan was not spared.

* * *

WHILE luck undoubtedly has helped the champions to reach the top, in this writer's opinion a boxer must have more than that to make the grade.

In fact, if one looks into the careers of the champions closely, it will be discovered that management has had a lot to do with the gladiator's success. A fighter seldom wins a title unless he has astute handling.

"Well," say you, "isn't it a piece of luck when a fighter falls into the hands of a good manager?"

That's right, beyond a doubt. So it comes right back to the question of luck. If you want to go far enough, almost everything can be traced to luck, good or bad.

It is true that without the astute guidance of Joe Jacobs, considered by many the smartest of the managers operating in the sock market today, Schmeling never would have won the title.

Tunney, in his climb to the peak, had the benefit of extremely astute handling by Billy Gibson, perhaps the greatest manager of them all. Gibson's handling of Benny Leonard also was without a flaw.

Dempsey was fortunate in having the services of Jack Kearns. As soon as the two Jacks parted company, Dempsey's trouble began. Tunney might never have won the title but for the break between Kearns and Dempsey. The chances are that, had Kearns been working with Dempsey at the time of the Chicago battle between Jack and Gene, Dempsey would have won that one. Gibson really won that fight for Tunney when he succeeded in having the man originally chosen as referee kept out of the ring.

* * *

ANYONE who has peeked behind the scenes in the sock market realizes that many a fight is won before the fighters step into the ring. And by that is not meant the business of putting a fight "in the bag." The really smart manager does not have to go to that extreme to send his fighter into the ring with an edge. There are various other ways to win a bout.

Joe Jacobs, Max Schmeling's manager

It took Tunney a long, long time to win the championship. One reason for that was that Gibson, rated Gene along perfectly. The Marine beat some great fighters on his climb to the top, men like Carpentier, Gibbons and Dempsey. Yet, through the cleverness of his manager, he took them all nicely in stride, because by the time Gibson matched Gene with them they were past their peak.

The smart manager likes to put his protege into the ring with fighters who have great names after they have started to slip. The public usually is from six months to two years behind in realizing when a boxer has slipped. The capable manager maneuvers his fighter into the ring with the falling star before the public realizes the latter has started to slide.

If I were a fighter with some ability I would seek, more than anything else, a good manager. Good managers have made champions out of many boxers of only ordinary ability. Inefficient managers have made bums out of many promising lads who would have gone far under capable handling.

It is quite the thing these days to hold up the manager to scorn as a hard-hearted parasite, who contributes little to his fighter's success but takes almost everything.

In some cases that may be true. But the managers who are guilty of that sort of thing are not managers at all, in the true sense of the word. In that class belong the bootleggers, racketeers and others who have masqueraded as managers in recent years. The genuine manager finds it increasingly difficult to keep his foothold in the game in the face of the opposition from these undesirables.

The fan usually thinks it is a cinch to manage a fighter. Nothing could be further from the truth. "Pretty soft for that guy," the casual observer will remark when he contemplates the fact that the manager cuts in for a third of a big purse earned by his fighter.

What the fan does not realize in making this snap judgment is that the manager may have labored for years to get his fighter to the top. Fighters, too, often fail to realize that. When they get into the big money many of them are prone to imagine that they, and they alone, are responsible. They would feel differently could they but realize that if the manager had made only one bad mistake in all those years they never would have been in the big money.

* * *

IT takes brains to be a successful manager. The man who succeeds in that line probably would have been better off, financially, had he devoted the same ability and labor to some other line of human endeavor. Some fight managers have moved into other lines of business and made names for themselves.

William A. Brady, a theatrical power today, was probably the foremost fight manager of his day. Brady managed two heavyweight champions, Corbett and Jeffries. He was a great ballyhoo artist, though the word ballyhoo was not used in his time. That is another of the attributes of a truly great manager. He must know how to keep his charge in the limelight. You won't get anywhere in the fight game by hiding your light under a bushel.

Sam Harris, who also made himself famous in the theatrical world after quitting the sock market, was another great manager of an earlier era. Harris looked after Terrible Terry McGovern.

Is *Luck?*

By WILBUR WOOD

Terry had the goods, but it is questionable how far he would have progressed without the astute management of Harris.

Some few who start as managers of fighters do quit the game and go in for something else. But they are the exceptions, far outnumbered by the men who forsake their own line, in which they have been successful, to try for the apparent easy money to be had by managing fighters.

Anyone familiar with the figures in the game today can point out many managers, just hanging on by the skin of their teeth, who gave up good jobs or businesss to manage fighters. Some of them start out well enough, but few can stand up, year after year. Yet they hang on always in the hope that just around the corner they will stumble into the boxer who will recoup their fortunes.

* * *

SOME managers specialize in developing youngsters. Others prefer to wait until some boxer has shown signs of unmistakable ability and then step in and grab him. Still others have the knack of taking fighters who have passed their peak and seemingly are ready for the scrap heap and ballyhooing them into a few more lucrative engagements.

Benny Leonard and Manager Billy Gibson, who also managed Tunney

The first way is the most laborious. A manager may have ten or twelve youngsters under his wing. All show early signs of promise. Yet if even one of that number comes along to reach even the semi-final grade the manager is fortunate. Boxers have a habit of progressing rapidly to a certain point and then stopping short. Often it is the plodder who shows very little indication of ability for a couple of years who eventually reaches the top.

What the public does not realize is that it costs money to keep up a stable of boxers. A manager may have one star and eight or ten youngsters. The profit he makes off the star is spent in maintaining the kids. If a fellow is going to take up boxing as a career he must forget about anything else. It is not practicable to hold a job and box at the same time. It is up to the manager to support the boxer. That costs money.

Take the case of Pop Foster, manager of Jimmy McLarnin. Both Pop and Jim are well supplied with lucre now, but when they started out as partners the going was extremely tough. It is said that for a long time the two of them lived in one room and cooked their meager meals over a gas jet. Foster's judgment was vindicated, however, by McLarnin's success. If Pop had guessed wrong and Jimmy had turned out to be a dud, all their early privations would have been for nothing.

One of the best examples of a fighter being taken over after he is fairly well established is afforded by the deal through which Billy Gibson acquired Gene Tunney's contract from Frank (Doc) Bagley for $5,000. Bagley, a very capable manager himself, was unable to get along with Tunney. So he sold Gene to Gibson, who piloted the former Marine to the title, which netted Tunney a million dollars for just one fight.

AMONG the managers who have been referred to jokingly as the old clothes men of fistiana, meaning that they take apparently washed-up veterans and rejuvenate them, are Jimmy Johnston, now boxing boss of Madison Square Garden, and that D'Artagnan of the sock market, Professor Billy McCarney.

Johnston did a great job with Ted (Kid) Lewis. But his crowning achievement was to take Mike McTigue, always a safety first boxer with no crowd appeal, and make him, in his declining years, a two-fisted fighter who would give the customers all they had a right to expect in the way of excitement. Johnny Dundee was another who was taken over by Johnston after passing the peak.

Some managers specialize in handling foreign boxers, or boxers who come from a certain locality. Francois Descamps for years had the French field all to himself. Frank Churchill flooded the market with Filipino fighters, after his first importation, Pancho Villa, won the flyweight title. Charlie Harvey has always had the call on English boxers.

Sammy Goldman is sure to become manager of any promising kid who hails from New Orleans. He became aces there when he piloted Pete Herman to the bantamweight crown. It was through Herman that Goldman obtained the managerial rights to Tony Canzoneri.

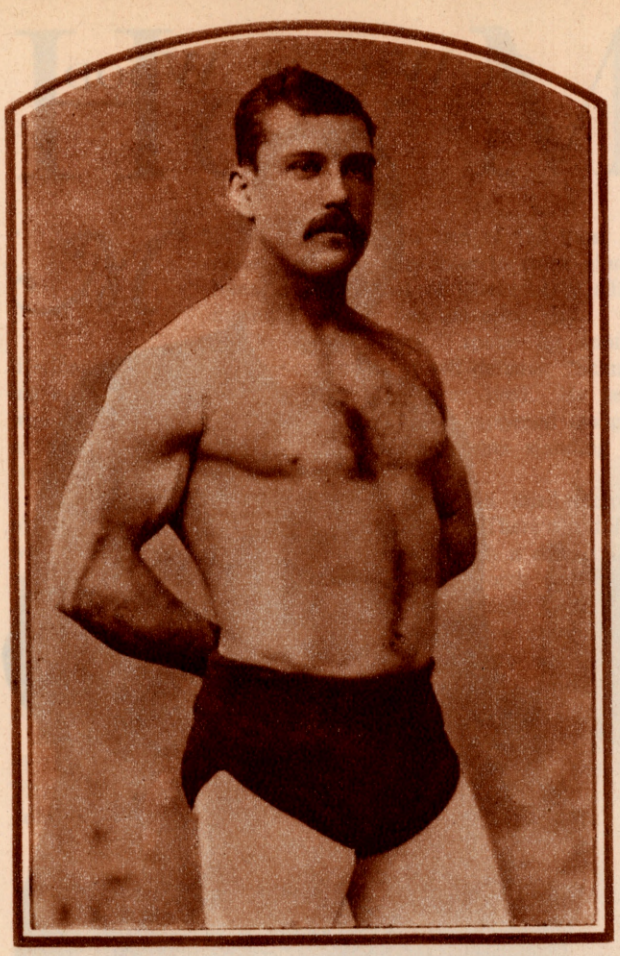
Jack Hurley has the call on most of the fighters who come from around Duluth or the Dakotas. Hurley's success with Billy Petrolle has made him the outstanding manager in that part of the country.

No article about managers would be complete without a word about Leo P. Flynn, at one time known as the carpet-bagger. Flynn, at first, specialized in quantity rather than quality. At times he had more than fifty boxers working for him and almost every night found him in a different town. Though few of his fighters earned (*Continued on page* 37)

From Milo

By

A. D. Phillips



Evan Lewis

FROM Milo of Croton, historic figure of the Greeks who thrived in 511 B.C., to Jim Londos, present champion wrestler, is quite a span, almost 2500 years, yet wrestling, the oldest of all sports has lived that long. It was Milo who popularized wrestling and strong man feats among the ancient Greeks, and it was Londos, another Greek, who brought back its popularity after many lean years. In Milo's time everything went—in fact, it was wrestling to the death, with the breaking of arms, legs and necks, featuring. To-day, while there are a few deadly grips and death-dealing blows barred, there is still plenty to keep up the interest of the spectators, and interest on which the success of the sport depends.

Probably if some white-haired patriarch of the old days were to sit in at one of Jack Curley's shows and watch two rough-and-tumble giants hurl themselves at each other, he would be murmuring something about the good old days, yet we of this age, thanks to the advance of civilization, would be far more satisfied to read of the deadly performances of Milo rather than see them. We of this age love to see a grueling, sensational, thrilling match, but we are not blood thirsty. Deadly matches have no place in sports and that is why science, rather than brute strength, is the key to modern sport.

While wrestling, passed on through the ages, has yielded its army of heroes, we will pass up the nose-ringed old athletic warriors to discuss the wrestling history of our own country, the history of the mat game from the rise of William Muldoon to the present day. So many of the readers of THE RING have requested such a series, that the Editor has decided to oblige, with this, the first of the series.

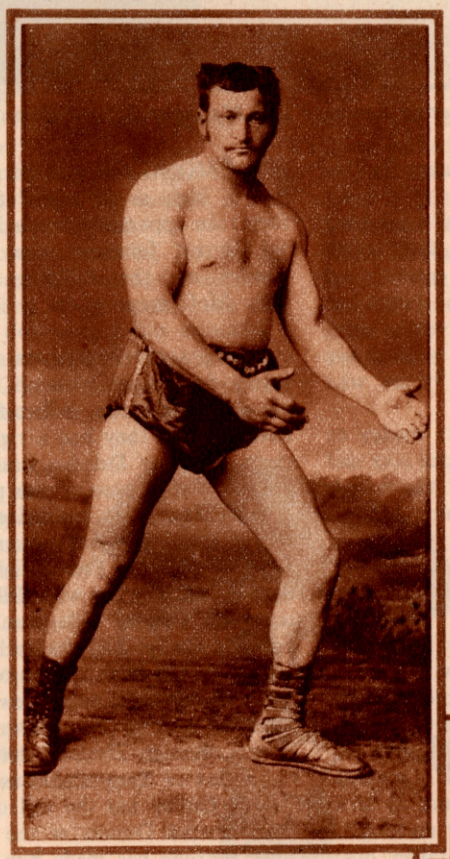
A sulker or quitter was shot down into the ocean through a chute that landed him right in the midst of a lot of hungry sharks. There must have been some delicious flavor to the wrestler's meat, for it is said that schools of sharks were kept fighting each other for the privilege of awaiting the arrivals via the chute, and the privilege was kept at a fancy price for the winning side.

Pierrie tripped to Turkey year after year and finally reached the ears of the wrestling-fancying Sultan. He whispered a lot of nice things into the old fellow's ears and perhaps promised him some Alsatian peasant beauties for his harem, and Alsace is famed for its beautiful women. Anyway the old Sultan listened, nodded his head and Pierrie and Yousiff were on the way to America on the next boat.

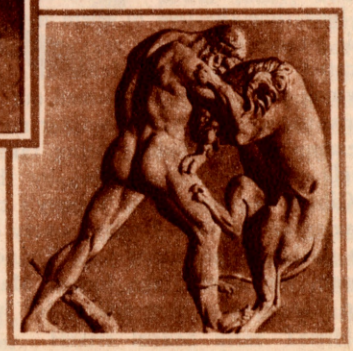
American managers and promoters were quick to recognize Yousiff's wrestling ability and the press lauded him to the skies. He handled our men like a grown-up would a child, and, presto! Yousiff was stolen away from Pierrie and grabbed up by an American manager.

In one thing Yousiff excelled the original Milo. His appetite was a thousand per cent above par. Money came in fast and Yousiff received his share of the spoils; but the American manager showed very little profit on his books because he foolishly agreed to board the giant Turk. So at the end of the season he shipped him back to Europe aboard the ill-fated French liner Burgogne, and it is well known that Yousiff was one of the first to sink, because he was loaded down with American gold safely tucked away in a belt around his waist.

Billy Muldoon was our first idol. I never can forget how great he looked the first time I beheld him on Market street in San Francisco. "That's Billy Muldoon" was the tip off along the broad 'Frisco thoroughfare, and all eyes went in his direction. And not a few turned about and followed the idol of that day up and down the promenade. To Muldoon belongs the credit of the



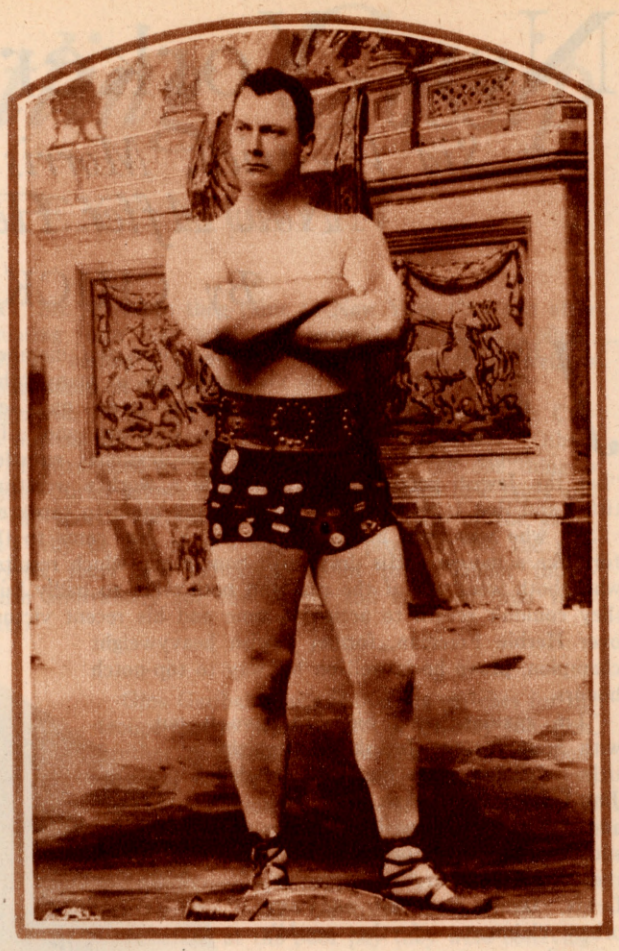
Sebastian Miller



Greek wrestler grappling a lion

to LONDOS

The Progress of Wrestling Through the Ages—Muldoon Brought Sport to High Standard in This Country



William Muldoon

original uplift of the wrestling game as far as America goes. He was the Græco-Roman king, and we would hate to think of what would have happened to anyone that would have dared to approach with any proposition not according to Hoyle.

Muldoon had the carriage and every earmark of a great athlete, and by earmarks I don't mean the cauliflower trade mark, for he was truly handsome, kind, and away from the mat a gentleman in everything that the word implies, and one who could and always did mix with gentlemen. On the mat he knew every trick of the game and was temperamental to the point of a Richard Mansfield or Henry Irving. He always had full command of his opponents and also his spectators. A cutting remark from the gallery or front seat would instantly halt the match and Muldoon knew just what to say to shame the would-be comedian into retiring from the hall.

Jack Acton, Strangler Lewis and Billy Whistler were in their prime when the *Police Gazette's* representative first became a fan and our fandom started in the old Wigwam Theatre in 'Frisco. Lewis remained in harness a bit longer than the rest. In fact his retirement did not happen until Nouralah, a giant Turk that came to this country to replace the drowned Yousiff, broke his heart at Tatersall's in Chicago.

Yousiff came here under the management of Antone Pierrie, of the old Græco-Roman school, Pierrie a Greek, who for several years made his home in Strassburg, in Alsace-Lorraine. Himself an old-time wrestler would make annual pilgrimages to Turkey and Bulgaria to witness the championship tournament and gain favor with everybody from the Sultan and Pashas down to the oilers, who would thoroughly saturate the wrestlers with oil before each contest.

The great Yousiff

The men were attired in leather breeches, so as to even make the regulation uniform as slippery as possible, and all the matches were to a finish. The Sultan himself kept a stable of wrestlers numbering about one thousand, and it was the ambition of every lad in his country to become one of the Sultan's mat champions; so this made wrestling a national sport.

Yousiff's wrestling ability started a new boom for the game in America because it inspired a lot of young fellows to take his place. Little did they know that Pierrie was again in Turkey and a short time later en route to America with a bigger and better man than Yousiff was. This time he came with Nouralah and again his prize was snapped away by greedy American promoters. Next Pierrie brought another giant, Hali Adali, and again his meal ticket went astray.

With Duncan Ross, the swordsman, and Tom Cannon, an English wrestler, Pierrie was stranded in the territory of Washington and he remained at Bellingham working in a salmon canning establishment until the bank roll was big enough to start for another Turk. By that time the old Sultan became suspicious of Pierrie and not even the presentation each year of an Alsatian beauty pacified him and Pierrie was shipped to the shark chutes and took a ride into the famous shark dining room. He escaped. Just how nobody knows to this day. His enemies always insisted that the hungry sharks refused to stand for the food, but Pierrie came back, gave Turkey the slip and ever afterwards confined his efforts to wrestlers from the Bulgarian mountains.

All this is just to show that Pierrie was responsible for starting interest in the wrestling game in America by bringing foreigners here to compete with our men, and as the Turks were better wrestlers than we had, and America liked it, he started a field of action with ambitious athletes training to defeat the invaders.

So now we have come to American wrestling history of which we will first take up our review of the heavyweights in the next issue of THE RING.

In the history of American wrestling, we will trace the development of the sport from the early eighties when the mat game received its first great impetus in America. The famous matches in which the stars of Europe faced the American boys will be reviewed. We have received many letters from wrestling fans asking for such information and after months of research THE RING has been able to place this data in readable form. The names of Muldoon, Whistler, Lewis, Gotch, Roeber and Jenkins play a big part.

New Yorker Makes Good

Sid Westrich, Morris High School Champion, Now After Heavyweight Crown

By CHICK WERGELES

"JEWISH boxers have won titles galore and members of my race have won championships in many other lines," declares Sid Westrich, the latest mat sensation who has won over a hundred and fifty bouts in his first year as a professional wrestler, "but the Jewish people have yet to win a world's wrestling title—and that is what I have made up my mind to capture."

Sid, who was born in Manhattan, N. Y., has come to the fore like a meteor. His draw with Sam Stein, which resulted when both went out of the ring and both were so badly hurt they couldn't return to action in time and his recent victory over Herbie Freeman, former Jewish heavyweight champion, prove he is well on his way to top-notch honors.

"I'm anxious," said Sid, "to have it out with Stein for the Jewish heavyweight title. I know that Sammy extended Jim Londos, the Greek champion, and if I earn the Jewish title from such a seasoned performer as Stein then I will go after Ed "Strangler" Lewis, Henri DeGlane and any other claimants of the world's crown."

* * *

SID is only 23 years old, weighs 220 pounds and stands six feet. He was smart enough to spend two years in the gym learning from George Bothner, the veteran champion of years ago, Strangler Lewis and hosts of others, before turning pro. At the conclusion of each workout he would ask the men he grappled to point out his shortcomings and teach him just how certain holds should be executed. The result is that to-day Sid is a finished performer and one of the best exponents of the "short-arm scissors" in the business.

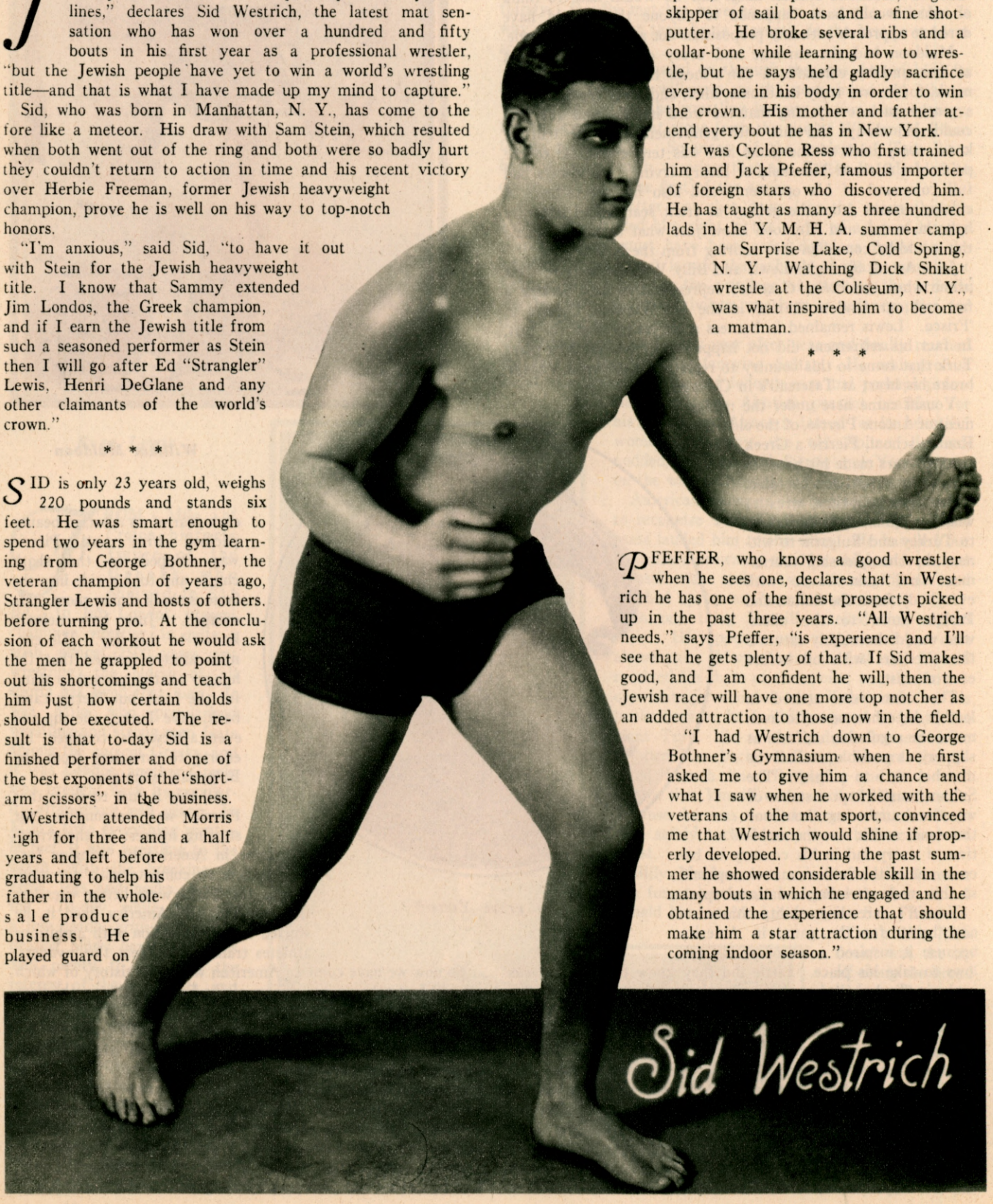
Westrich attended Morris High for three and a half years and left before graduating to help his father in the wholesale produce business. He played guard on the football team. He loves all outdoor sports, is an expert swimmer, a good skipper of sail boats and a fine shot-putter. He broke several ribs and a collar-bone while learning how to wrestle, but he says he'd gladly sacrifice every bone in his body in order to win the crown. His mother and father attend every bout he has in New York.

It was Cyclone Ress who first trained him and Jack Pfeffer, famous importer of foreign stars who discovered him. He has taught as many as three hundred lads in the Y. M. H. A. summer camp at Surprise Lake, Cold Spring, N. Y. Watching Dick Shikat wrestle at the Coliseum, N. Y., was what inspired him to become a matman.

* * *

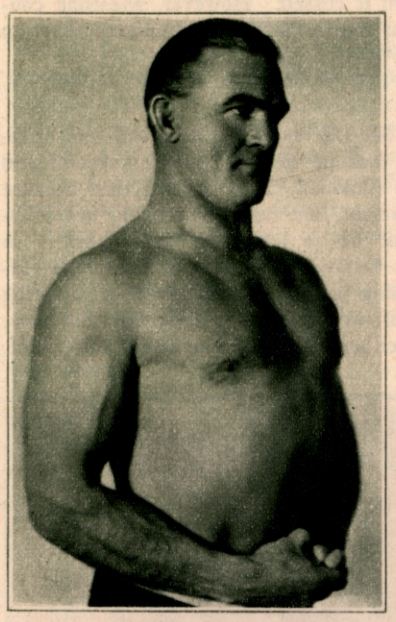
PFEFFER, who knows a good wrestler when he sees one, declares that in Westrich he has one of the finest prospects picked up in the past three years. "All Westrich needs," says Pfeffer, "is experience and I'll see that he gets plenty of that. If Sid makes good, and I am confident he will, then the Jewish race will have one more top notcher as an added attraction to those now in the field.

"I had Westrich down to George Bothner's Gymnasium when he first asked me to give him a chance and what I saw when he worked with the veterans of the mat sport, convinced me that Westrich would shine if properly developed. During the past summer he showed considerable skill in the many bouts in which he engaged and he obtained the experience that should make him a star attraction during the coming indoor season."



Current Wrestling Gossip

By "TEX" AUSTIN



Jim Heslin, the "Australian Kangaroo"

OUR hat's off to the State Athletic Commission of California for its leadership in adopting a ruling banishing draw decisions in wrestling matches. It's a long time since we first campaigned for this change, and we hope now that California realizes the draw verdict does not belong in the grappling game, other commissions will follow the wise example of the Golden State's Commissioners. The game is bound to pick up with the new ruling in effect, for many fans became tired of seeing matches that did not end in falls declared draws, although one contestant thoroughly outclassed his opponent. The new law will cause the grapplers to display their best wares or lose their match.

Come on, you other commissions, and show us that the California body isn't the only one that functions in the best interests of the sport. Let's make the banishment of the draw decision in wrestling a nation-wide movement and see how quickly interest is revived in the sport.

* * *

New York's latest wrestling sensation, Glen Munn, brother of Wayne and Monte, paid his way through college by peddling ice, a la Red Grange. Then he sold eggs, from the 1,000 hens he owned at a time that they brought from forty to sixty cents a dozen, and later did odd jobs. He wasn't too proud to work. Glen has a wife and two children, a boy, Monte, nearly two, and a girl, Maureen, ten months old. He has an offer to play for the Portsmouth, O., National League pro football team this fall, but will probably pass it up if he makes good his wrestling promise. He shapes up well.

* * *

MIKE MAZURKI is another newcomer, as is Tiger Ali Mohammed. Mazurki should appeal to the Polish element, and if he lives up to his amateur record will be a strong magnet at the box office. He will attract particularly the following that once admired the Zbyszko brothers, Stanislaus and Wladek.

Mazurki was born in Ukrania, now a part of Poland, in 1911. He was a Christmas present to his family. Two years later, just before the outbreak of the war, his family (he was an only child) came to this country and settled in Cohoes, N. Y. Six years ago they came to New York City and after graduating from high school he entered Manhattan College, where he earned a degree of Bachelor of Arts as well as national fame on the gridiron.

Tiger Ali, Munn and Mazurki form a trio that forms Curley's nucleus for a strong array of new mat artists. Others will be introduced as the season progresses, but one thing is certain—Curley knows that the public demands new faces and that the sport's success depends on this phase of the game. That's why he has been a successful promoter for the past thirty-six years and indications point to a banner thirty-seventh anniversary for the affable and congenial mat ringmaster.

* * *

"Gentleman" Jack Smith, Chicago's clever and agile heavyweight

Gino Garibaldi, who is booking matches for the troupe that is under control of Charley Johnston, brother of the Garden promoter, says that Londos will be the headliner of the Johnston clan this fall and winter. He declares that there is no truth in the report that Londos will rejoin Curley or that any of the men who left the famous wrestling impresario will go back. Asked the reason for the break, Garibaldi declared that the men balked at the poor pay they were receiving. He said that too many fingers were in the pudding.

* * *

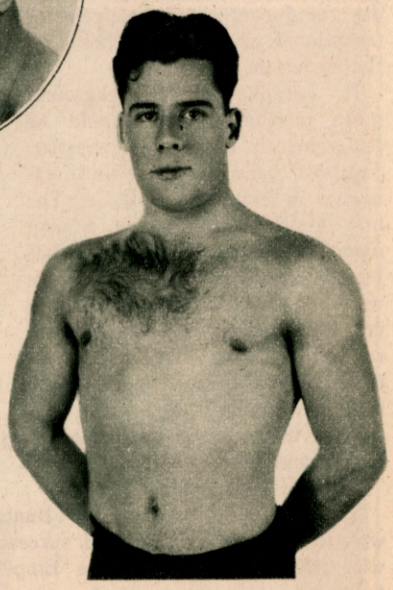
Wrestling is on the downgrade in Cincinnati where it was one of the leading attractions for more than two years. The reason, like in New York, is lack of new faces. The Siki-Malcewitz match, which looked like a sellout for Cincinnati, was a financial bust, at the Bison Stadium. Ed Don George and Henri De Glane, two topnotchers who until a few months ago were drawing down big money wherever they appeared, played to a gate of $13,000 a year ago in Cincinnati and a few weeks ago this same pair drew only $3,700.

Charley Strack, ex-Olympic star

* * *

In Hartford, New Haven and other sec-

(*Continued on page 37*)



"Irish" Joe Boyle, Jersey City's ace

The JAPS

Musashiyama, popular Japanese wrestler, holding the huge Emperor's Cup which he won in a Tokyo tournament

By

MIKE GRIEB

THE wonderful showing of the little Japanese athletes in the recent Olympic games and the glowing tales brought back by the touring big league barnstorming groups of the progress in sports made by the Nipponese, definitely point to the fact that the Orient is bent on modern athletics and will have to be closely watched if America wishes to maintain her position at the top of the heap.

Although Japan has had her hands full in her recent troubles with China, the war did not check the athletic activities of the nation. Some time ago, Taro Miyaki, a ju-jitsu expert, came to this country to tackle our wrestling experts, but he found that our boys were too big and strong for him. However, that did not keep others away, for to-day the Japanese mix freely in international wrestling matches with the leaders of the world.

If heredity and background mean anything, Taro should be pre-eminently fitted for a wrestler. Japanese wrestling came into existence in the year 23 B. C. The first match was won by a man named Sukune. Since then he has been a sort of deity in Japanese wrestling circles. In the eighth century wrestling received national recognition. At that time, Emperor Shomu made it a feature of the harvest "Festival of the Five Grains."

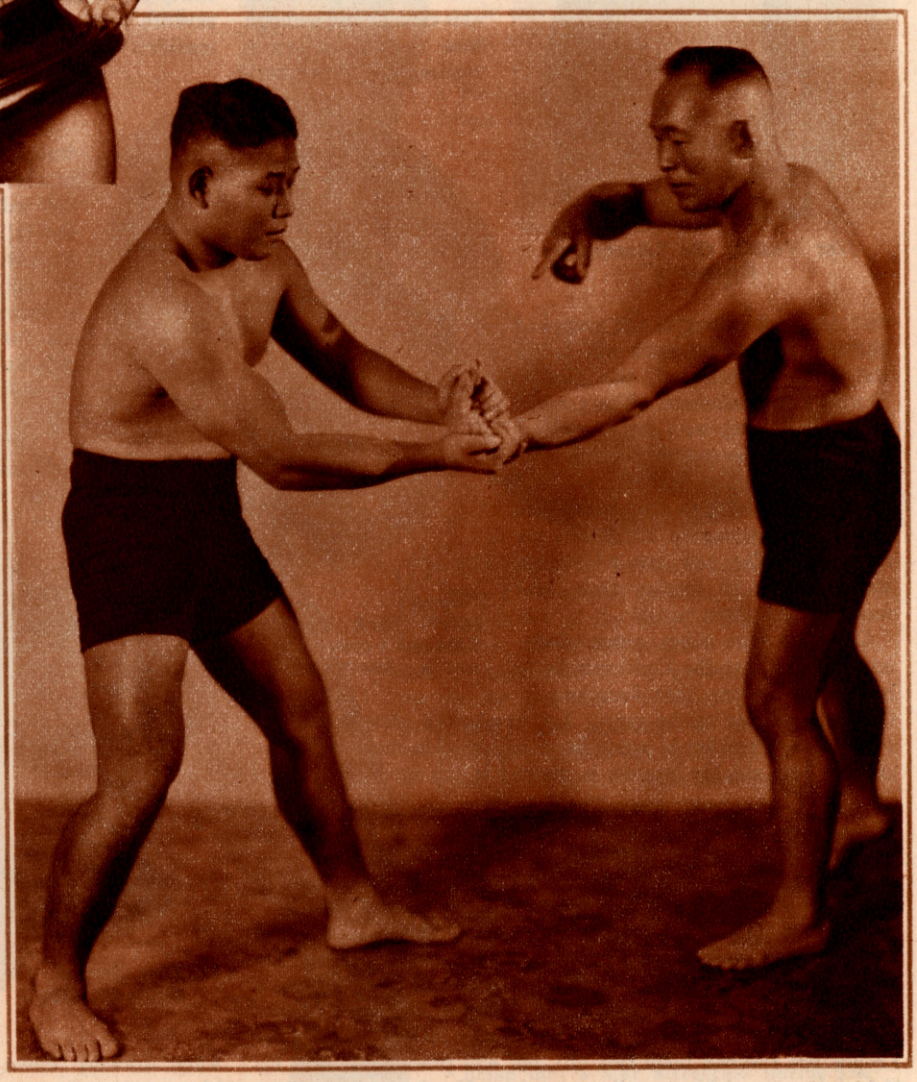
The victor of this tournament was made official referee of Japan and was presented with a fan bearing the legend "Prince of Lions."

Then in 858, the Emperor Buntoku had two sons who wrestled to see which would succeed the father. Kereshito won this match and became Emperor under the name of Seiwa.

The imperial patronage of Japanese wrestling continued until the year 1175 when it ceased. However, wrestling continued as a major part of the training of the military program even to to-day.

* * *

THE success that Miyaki enjoyed, although not phenomenal, was such that he brought over his friend and fellow countryman, Oke Shikina. Taro realizes that because of his disadvantage in weight that he will probably never become the champion, but he so loves the game and is so patriotic that he firmly believes that Oke, when he has received the proper training and goes through the adjusting period of adapting himself to our game, will be the champion. There is no question in either of their minds about that point.



Oke Shikina (left) taking instructions from Taro Miyaki

Oke weighs about two hundred pounds and has been trained in ju-jitsu and wrestling since he was first able to walk. His body is a beautiful sight for admirers of perfect muscles and body symmetry. Unlike the average Jap, Shikina is heavier, broader and taller than most of his countrymen.

Japanese matmen are trained for the profession almost from cradlehood. The Jap wrestlers are bred for size on a special food known as Sake and are descendants of long lines of wrestling ancestors. The young wrestler is watched over until his marriage, and that is to the daughter of a wrestler. This

in WRESTLING

has been the practice there for centuries and centuries.

Although Japanese wrestlers are enormously stout, says Miyaki, they are very quick on their feet. The general impression in relation to the Japanese people is that they are all short of stature and seldom attain a great bodyweight. This fallacy is proven by these athletes, who weigh from two hundred pounds all the way up to 400 and often more.

Miyaki explains that the reason why so few Japanese grapplers have come to this country, is because the professional wrestlers of Japan are well organized, forming a sort of guild which is divided into several ranks, and they would rather perform in their own country than elsewhere.

The highest rank is called the Joshiyori, or elders. Their business is to superintend the wrestling schools and tournaments. A Damask apron lavishly embroidered is worn by each member of the Joshiyori, that signifies their rank.

No Japanese wrestler can become a public performer until he has gone through a thorough course and passed several tests. The instructing and testing are done by the Joshiyori.

* * *

SHIKINA says that the Japanese wrestlers frequently go on a strike for better pay and conditions. Only recently they banded together and struck for an old age pension.

The Japanese wrestlers perform nude except for a loincloth. The ring is a twelve foot circle. A heavy circular rug is generally used. There are no ropes as in American rings.

At a command from the referee, the contestants crouch or squat at opposite edges of the ring facing each other. Their hands or fists are placed on the floor. When the wrestling actually starts, or, in other words, after leaving their first position, no part of the body must touch the floor except the feet. The wrestler who touches the mat with any other part of his body loses the match. This necessitates balance.

In this country the impression is common that all Japanese are ju-jitsu experts. But this is not so.

It seems that the secrets of ju-jitsu are closely guarded by the Japs. The art is taught to Japanese policemen, but only after an oath is sworn not to divulge its secrets. So closely is this science guarded, that it is only taught at night sessions. What has been brought to this and other countries, is only a small part of the science.

There are supposed to be three hundred and three holds in the science of ju-jitsu by which a man can be quickly thrown. Most of these holds can render an opponent helpless and often unconscious.

There are holds that paralyze the nerves of various parts of the body, including the brain. Bones are easily broken, joints dislocated and tendons torn by ju-jitsu tactics. It requires long and patient practice and study to become proficient. One must become almost a doctor of anatomy so essential is the knowledge of the position of the muscles, nerves and tendons in ju-jitsu.

The ju-jitsu men of Japan do not go in for great weight like

(*Continued on page 36*)

H. Shaji, a Japanese instructor, illustrating an arm twist

Will Bingham, a British ju-jitsu expert

WHEN GRANDPA

Two beautiful sluggers. They are having it out for love down in Louisville

labelled "Two Beautiful Sluggers." It is explained that the one on the left is a blonde and the other a brunette, and they are settling a love dispute according to the London Prize Ring rules, each knockdown a round, and bare knuckles.

It seems barely possible that these harridans are having it out for the affections of the funny looking bloke whom you will find on the extreme right—the bird with the mutton chop whiskers, who kneels on the floor, in fear or supplication.

The calmest man in the house is the gink on the extreme right, who is hunched over, smoking his pipe and apparently not giving a tinker's dam who wins, just so long as it is a good scrap.

Now, let us look at the contestants. The brunette on the right seems to have modelled her style after that of Paddy Ryan and Jake Kilrain. The blonde, on the other hand, appears to be a sucker for a left. The brunette specializes in the hair pulling punch and is busy at work scalping the blonde.

OH, for those roaring old days, when the Police Gazette was the palladium of the tonsorial parlor and the saloon! Remember those old pictures of the village barber, with his handle bar mustachios? And the town bar keeper with his hair cut in cute bangs, with the caption over his photograph reading "Star Mixologist?"

We are carried back to that era by the drawings which accompany this chapter of our meanderings through the ancient days. The first chapter of these old masterpieces of the post-Civil War era is

A rare treat for the ladies. The Bilson Jack-Jack Clifford fight at Arsenal Park, Pittsburgh

WAS A KID

By Olin Davis

All this, we are assured, happened in good old Louisville. Perhaps it was the roaring eve of the famous Kentucky Derby. At any rate, a good time seems to have been had by all—and we will leave the "lady" scrappers of the days when grandpa was a kid, and move on to another chapter of fistic delight for the feminine heart.

* * *

THE second drawing in our series is captioned "A Rare Treat for the Ladies." A squint at the quaint fashions of the females will impress on you the fact that this scene happened years and years before the Spanish-American War—certainly years and years before Mr. Hoover's administration.

Now, Grandpa, you were there. What was it all about? Suppose, Grandpa, you tell us in your own words how come.

"Well,"—Grandpa begins—"Well, this thing occurred at a social rendezvous called Arsenal Park, in Pittsburgh. It was a sort of amusement place, where the beer flowed easily, there was dancing, and occasional—too occasional—roughhouse.

"As you know, women were not allowed at fights in those days. Once in a while a dame dressed in men's clothes and sneaked into a scrap. But it was easy to detect them, as we had no Garden, no Garden Bowl, nor any stadiums.

"Well, from what I know about Arsenal Park, and from what I gather of the scene, there was a dance, and then, to delight the hearts of the dames, the Reception Committee put on a scrap. The two fighters in the drawing are Bilson Jack, and Jack Clifford. You will note that Clifford is shoving a neat right into Jack's jaw, and the Bilson person does not like it. Well, I remember Clifford, m'lads, and he was not a bad fighter—maybe better than most of the big ones around now."

Seeing smiles on the faces of his listeners, Grandpa coughed a little apologetically. "Well, anyway, this Clifford was a fair fighter."

Okeh, Grandpa! Let us forget the fighters, fair or foul, and take a look at the ladies. They are waving their hankies at the scrappers. You may well imagine that this was long before the day when waving a hanky at a fighter was regarded as a gesture of olfactory disturbance, or nasal displeasure.

* * *

IT may interest you to know that this Clifford-Bilson Jack fight was one of the classics of the raw old days, and that it lasted one hundred and twenty-one rounds. Yes, siree, one hundred and twenty-one. That's no typographical error.

The good old Police Gazette tells of this classic as follows:

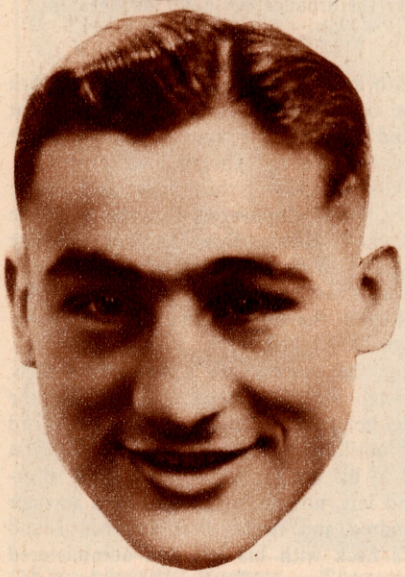
"In the fifth round Clifford discovered that he was the better wrestler, and "hanked" Bilson, throwing him violently in good Cumberland style. With comparatively few exceptions, Clifford pursued these tactics until the end of the fight. Clifford is a clever wrestler in the Cumberland style, and completly outgeneraled Bilson.

"Clifford almost forced the contest into a wrestling match, and each man was through the ropes several times. In the ninety-third round Bilson got a rattler home, knocking Clifford off his pins. From then until the one hundred and twenty-first round Clifford indulged in his old tactics of leading off alternately with his right and left, now and then getting a warmer home. In the one hundred and twenty-first and last round Clifford hanked Bilson's neck with his left and administered three fiercely-delivered stomachers. (*Continued on page* 36)

She cleaned out Daly's place. Stella Cook, feminine pugilist, shows the real stuff in a fighters' saloon in St. Louis

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Londos Owes It to Public to Face Strangler Lewis
Outdoor Season Leaves Fight Clubs in the Red
Carnera and Schaaf Have Lost Their Appeal



Billy Petrolle

FOLLOWERS of wrestling who are eager to see the championship mess cleared up, were considerably interested in a recent visit that Ed Strangler Lewis made to the New York State Boxing Commission. At that meeting the Strangler, who, following the exit of Jim Londos, world champion, from the Curley-Mondt-Pfeffer-Miller combine, decided to compete under the jurisdiction of that group and since then has been demanding a titular match with Londos, came forth with a very sportsmanship offer. He pleaded with the moguls to get Londos to agree to defend his title in a match for the benefit of the Cancer Hospital of New York and if Londos would give his consent to such contest, Lewis would turn his entire share over to the worthy charity.

Now we have heard much along this line of ballyhoo from wrestlers and fighters, but we must say that Lewis was sincere in his offer. For the sake of wrestling, we hope that Londos will momentarily forget his animosity towards Jack Curley, the promoter who made him the success he is to-day. The fans want it and the N. Y. Boxing Commission rightfully urges that he accept the match.

The public is tired of seeing half a dozen so-called champions parading the country. Of the present contenders and "champions", there is no doubt that Londos is the leader. But it is high time that the masquerading that has been going on for several years be halted and that an undisputed title holder in the heavyweight wrestling ranks be crowned and the only way that can be done, is for Londos, Lewis and De Glane, the three grapplers who are recognized as champions in certain sections of the country, settle the matter of supremacy in the ring. The sooner this is done, the better.

Tony Canzoneri

IF Jim Londos, whom THE RING has consistently supported, refuses to meet Lewis, whom he should not fear, then it is only proper that his crown be vacated. A Londos-Lewis match is in order, with the winner to be compelled to clash with De Glane, if such a match can be arranged. And let us not forget that Jack Sherry also is in line for consideration as he is one of the nation's outstanding wrestlers.

If those in the wrestling game are eager to gather in the shekels this winter as they did a year ago, they had better stop their nonsense and give the public what it wants. The public is not interested in the politics of wrestling. It is not interested in whether Londos or Lewis belongs to the Curley stable or any other stable.

What it is interested in is bona fide matches between well-matched matmen who are not in to burlesque the sport or yield to an opponent because that is what they have been told to do. The sport is bigger than any man or group of men. It has deteriorated into sham exhibitions, meaningless matches that do not even afford pleasure any more. And a match between Lewis and Londos would bring the sport back where it belongs.

How long the public will stand for Londos meeting set-ups remains to be seen. Suffice it to say that the past summer has seen corporals' guards in attendance at the wrestling bouts staged in New York and New Jersey, the eastern strongholds of the sport. Unless the wrestlers see the light, there will be not even a corporal's guard present at the indoor matches this fall and winter.

Jim Londos knows that. He is not in the game for his health. He drew down more money last year than any other four wrestlers combined and he can do likewise this year if he consents to defend his laurels against the one man the public wants to see him—Ed Strangler Lewis. Jack Curley made Londos and the Greek Adonis should show his gratitude. Curley is trying to make the match for the benefit of a worthy cause and Londos should aid.

Unless Londos consents, the wrestling fans who have been his staunch supporters during the past two years, will lose faith in him. They will regard him as a man who feared the result of a match with Lewis. Such a man cannot keep his following nor be regarded a title holder. The respect for his prowess will die out.

* * *

LONDOS is too good a wrestler to do that. He is the outstanding mat star of America. He is clever, heady and possesses the strength to place him above his rivals. He is a showy grappler who pleases. He was beaten thirteen times by Lewis when Lewis was in his prime and the Greek Adonis was just starting his career, but things are now different.

The shoe is on the other foot. Lewis is past his prime. His eyes have lost their sharpness and he no longer can stand the gaff of a tough, rough-and-tumble match. In addition, his wind is bad. Hence what has Londos to fear and why does he shun an engagement with the Strangler?

* * *

THE RING has no ax to grind. It seeks to keep the sport of wrestling alive by halting the grab of championships by promoters to further their own interests. There is only one heavyweight champion in boxing and there should be only one heavyweight champion in wrestling.

Why have Londos, Lewis, De Glane, Sonnenberg and Don George masquerade under the guise of a title holder when as a matter of fact since Lewis lost his National Boxing Association crown to De Glane in Canada, Don George, and Sonnenberg have been beaten by De Glane, the field thereby being narrowed down to Londos and De Glane. Londos offered to meet De Glane but such a match was turned down because the backers of the French-Canadian were not anxious to take any chances.

Likewise, Londos, on May 27 of this year, posted $5000 with Lou Daro, the California promoter, for a match with Lewis to be staged at Glendale, Cal., but the Strangler declined the issue. Now, however, things have changed. Lewis is willing and it is up to Londos to accept the defi. By doing so he will show his true fighting colors and live up to the tradition of his forefathers.

From a point of view of sportsmanship and the best interests of wrestling, such a match is in order. Boxing has suffered a slump that has placed most of the big promoters on the rocks and wrestling will suffer likewise unless the men who depend on the sport for their livelihood see the light and cater to the public wish.

If they don't, there will be few promoters and fewer clubs staging wrestling shows this winter. If Londos loses the support of the New York Commission, which support enabled him to reap a fortune, he will find himself banned in the most lucrative wrestling centers of the country. If he wrestles Lewis and even if he loses, he will be more popular than ever and continue to command big fees for his services. It is up to Londos and THE RING hopes he will not err in his decision.

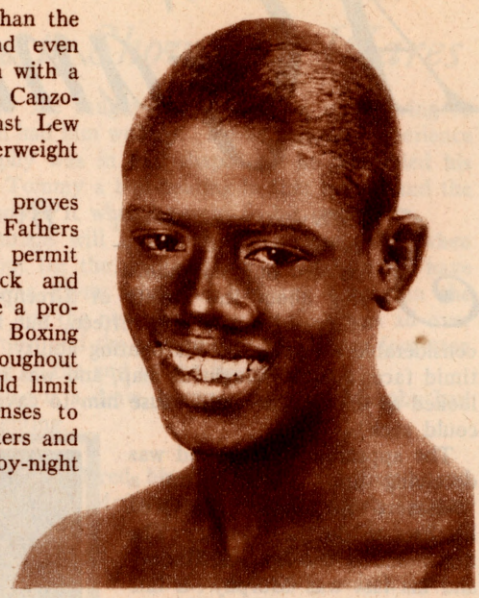
* * *

THE Schmeling-Walker fight rang down the curtains on the poorest outdoor season this country has had in the last ten years. With the sole exception of the Garden, which was aided by Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund, there wasn't a club in New York, and few elsewhere, that showed a profit of even $5000. Two reported a surplus of $2000, while the rest were far in the red. As a matter of fact, in New York, where fourteen clubs operated, the season was over for the majority as far back as the middle of July. They were all licked before they started. There were few fit attractions for an outdoor arena. The indoor season, however, as was pointed out in the last issue of this magazine, should be far better, because the type of attractions that are required to make an outdoor fight a financial success, is not so essential for an indoor show.

In New York, the biggest failure was that of the Queensboro Club, hitherto one of the most successful of all open air organizations. The Long Island promoters showed a loss of close to $8000 as against a gain of $24,000 the season before. The Queensboro Club under the able guidance of Al Weill, one of the country's leading promoters, failed to make a go of it, despite the fact that it engaged the best talent available other than the title holders, and even closed the season with a champion, Tony Canzoneri pitted against Lew Kirsch in an overweight match.

Jack Kid Berg

All of which proves that the Fistic Fathers err when they permit every Tom, Dick and Harry to become a promoter. If the Boxing Commissions throughout the country would limit the outdoor licenses to reputable promoters and eliminate the fly-by-night gamblers who kill the gates of the legitimate promoters, clubs like the Queensboro, would not be in the red at the end of the season. The mushroom clubs would be done away with and the public would not be fed up with has-beens and set-ups facing so-called reputable fighters.



Kid Chocolate

Even with the talent available, promoters could stage fights that would please and with the attractions limited, the attendance would be greater, the fighters and promoters would benefit financially and boxing would not be hit between the eyes.

* * *

IN speaking of the failure of the outdoor clubs, promoters do not blame the depression so much as they do the failure of so-called stars to hold their own in public patronage. Where it was expected that fighters of the type of Primo Carnera, Ernie Schaaf, Tony Canzoneri, Billy Petrolle and Jimmy McLarnin would lead the promoters out of the red, it was those men who caused the downfall of those who sponsored them.

Take Carnera for example. The big Venetian packed 'em last year when he was playing the sticks. Scarcely an exhibition against a palooka who was instructed in his part before the "fight," netted the Italian giant less than $10,000. In touring the sticks he garnered a total of $174,000, yet when he returned to this country last summer and engaged in real fights—not against set-ups but against legitimate contenders, he failed to draw more than a handful of spectators.

His drop from popularity is one of the mysteries of the fight game. In his battle with Poreda he displayed good form. He proved that he has progressed considerably and is fit to mingle with the best of the heavyweights. Yet this on-the-level contest was the only one in which he drew more than $10,000, the gate reaching the $15,000 mark.

The huge Italian has lost his appeal, but I predict that this winter will again see him appearing before big crowds. He is rapidly developing into a first class fighter despite the fact that he has no punch and under the tutelage of his American manager, Bill Duffy, he'll soon come back.

As for Schaaf, Park Avenue apparently has struck his heart. Love and society apparently have taken their toll, for this once great heavyweight prospect seems to be doomed to just an ordinary fighting career. From leading contender a few months ago, there are now five fighters (*Continued on page* 37)

A Game New Yorker

By JIMMY JOHNSTON

(Promoter of Madison Square Garden of New York)

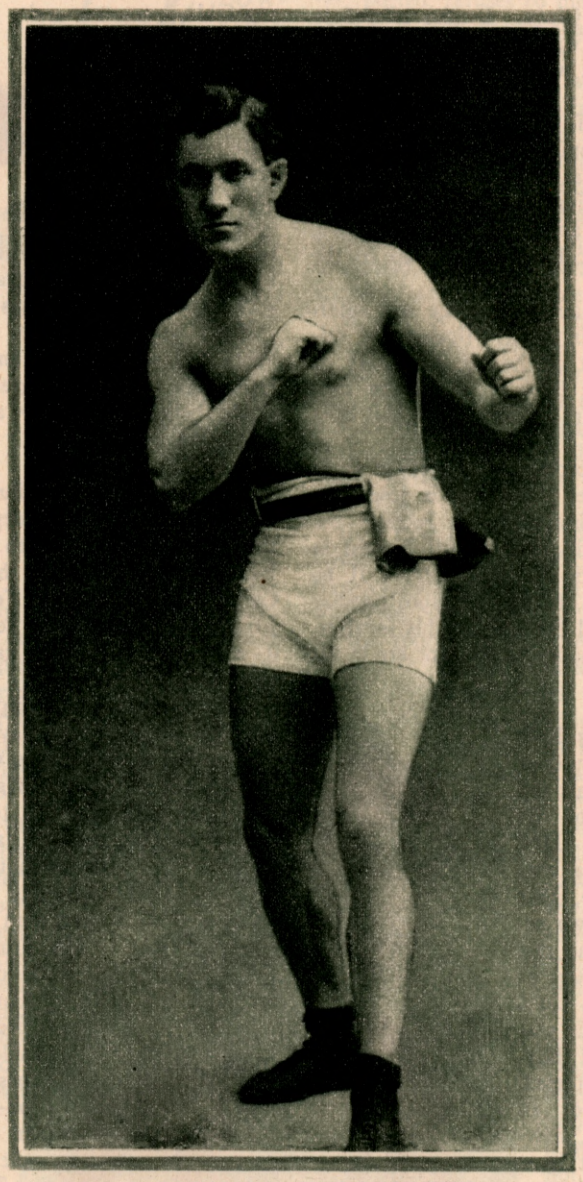
SOME years ago, a skinny, long-chinned, curly-headed boy was knocking about the streets of Greenpoint, New York City. He was only fifteen, but he had attracted considerable attention by his fighting ability. He had a soft, timid face, a pale, thoughtful map, and was so skinny that he looked as if a touch would cause him to cave in, but how he could sock!

The appearance of the lad was deceiving and led to many a "massacre" for those who tempted his fists to do their worst. The first name of the lad was Tommy and his last was Murphy—a fine old Irish name. His mild manners and appearance really didn't belong to such a fighting demon, as the boys of the Greenpoint neighborhood soon learned. It got so that after a short time Tommy had rolled up such a flock of street knockouts that he became known as the Greenpoint Terror.

On one occasion a man from Harlem chanced to pass through a street where little Tommy was engaged in handing it out to one who had "sassed" him, and this man took such a fancy to the style of the young boy that he walked over to Tommy, who was watching his opponent get up after calling quits, patted Tommy on the back and said:

"My boy, you might just as well be getting a few dollars for work of that kind as to do it for nothing. You go up and see my friend, Johnny Oliver, of the New Polo A. C., and he'll put you to work doing what you just did, but for pay."

And it was that chance acquaintance who started Murphy on a professional fighting career. To-day, Harlem Tommy lives in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn, where he owns his own home and where he dabbles in insurance and real estate. He is not as spry as he was in the days when he made ring history as one of the greatest lightweights ever developed in this country, but he still carries a hefty wallop, as his former pupils at Fordham University, where for a time he was boxing instructor, can testify. Tommy keeps up his interest in the game as instructor of boxing at the Crescent Club in the evenings.



HARLEM TOMMY MURPHY

When Tommy was told to go to see Oliver, he decided to take the tip. But he had no money and he walked from Greenpoint, across the Brooklyn Bridge to Harlem, where, tired but enthusiastic after a four hours' journey, he finally came face to face with the person whom he went to see. Oliver took one peep at the lad who wanted to fight and told Tommy that he wouldn't do. But Murphy was insistent and kept repeating that he had come for a tryout and pleaded so hard that he finally got it.

The first boy pitted against Tommy was a tough young customer, but though he laughed at Tommy when the Greenpoint boy showed his skinny body, it was Murphy who had the last laugh, for he knocked his opponent kicking in one round.

The result of that try-out was that Tommy Murphy, of the New Polo Athletic Club, appeared as one of the entertainers at the next show in the club's arena. He was pitted against a little stronger boy this time, but the slender, grave-faced boy dropped him with a punch.

"Wait a minute," Oliver told him through the cheers of the crowd. "I'll get you somebody to fight."

He went and got another one, and this was a real battle for nearly two rounds. But in the second Murphy popped him on the chin and it was over.

The fans were in an uproar, and Oliver, so mad that his boys were being whipped so easily by a newcomer, trotted out a third boy who went out the same route. That made Oliver think. He watched Tommy in his dressing room and when he was ready to go, Oliver patted him on the back, praised him for his natural fighting ability and asked how he would like to have a real manager. Oliver didn't have to say any more. The bargain was made, and it proved a most lucrative one for Oliver and for Tommy, who owed his rise to fame and fortune to the schrewdness of the man who piloted him throughout his professional career.

Tommy had been fighting many a long day before his dad found it out. "How he did roar," said Tommy in telling this part of the yarn. "He comes from Ireland, you know, and of good old stock. He was a schoolmaster over in the old country and naturally had a few private ideas about the manly art of self-defense. He knew of twenty-seven trades that he liked better than the one I had chosen, and it didn't take long to tell me about it, either.

"But the money began to come so fast and I never seemed to get hurt, so at last he let me follow along as I had been going. He doesn't seem to regret it now. He never saw me fight and I didn't want him to. Being Irish and having his share of ginger in his make-up, I wouldn't guarantee the life of the man who sat next to him if the other fellow rooted for my opponent."

About the time that Tommy was knocking 'em about up in Harlem, another youngster was gaining fame on the West Side. This was one Bobby Flynn, and it was natural that there should soon be demands for a battle between the two boys. There was so much talk on both sides that their managers finally decided that it would be the best plan in the long run

Harlem Tommy Murphy, One of the World's Greatest Lightweights, Had to Beg for a Chance to Show His Wares

to let them fight it out in private, even if there might be more money in a regular club match.

This was in the late fall of 1903. After much talk, December 2 was fixed as the date, and the old clubhouse of the abandoned Guttenberg racetrack, over on the Jersey side, was selected as the battleground.

It tells a long story for the love of the game of fisticuffs in New York that the two fighters could make any money out of their battle that night. There was snow to the extent of a couple of feet or so and a wind from Lake Erie to make your toenails curl when some three hundred devoted sports dropped off of the trolley cars and walked half a mile to the old clubhouse inside the racetrack grounds. They gathered around the temporary ring in the big hall and it was announced that the two boys would fight twenty rounds for a decision, the winner to get all of the money—less "expenses."

This chill must have eaten into the bones of the two all but naked youngsters, for the first ten rounds were not as fast as either usually made a fight. Flynn was the more aggressive and Murphy the more skilled. The tough little man from the West Side charged into Tommy time and again and was met with stiff straight-hand punches that stood him on his heels. When he broke through Tommy's long left he found himself involved in about as lively a variety of infighting as he had ever seen.

In the eleventh round Tommy kissed his mouth with a sharp left hook and was rewarded with a red stain. Then the scheme of the fight was changed. Murphy became the aggressor and began to wrap Flynn up in a series of wicked rushes. The West Sider's nose began to bleed, but he stuck gamely to his work and snuggled up to the rushing Harlemite as if he liked it.

But if he was outboxed at long range, he had less chance at infighting. Tommy pumped both hands into his body until they got too close together for that kind of work, and then he used the wicked shoulder shift with a right uppercut that he later made famous. Flynn's head was jerked back a dozen times in every round, and he never seemed to be able to figure out a remedy for the blow.

But in the seventeenth round he got his inning. He caught Tommy with a right swing to that long chin and had him wobbly. He had enough experience to see that Murphy was in bad shape and he redoubled his attack. He gave Tommy a bad beating in that round, and the slim youngster showed it when he went to his corner.

Youth and courage will do much for a man, and when Tommy danced out for the eighteenth round you might have thought that it was Flynn who had had the licking in the previous session. For the next three rounds Tom was all over him like a little fury, and the seventeenth round was forgotten when the bell rang at the end of the twentieth.

The referee called it a draw, because, he said, Murphy had done some foul fighting.

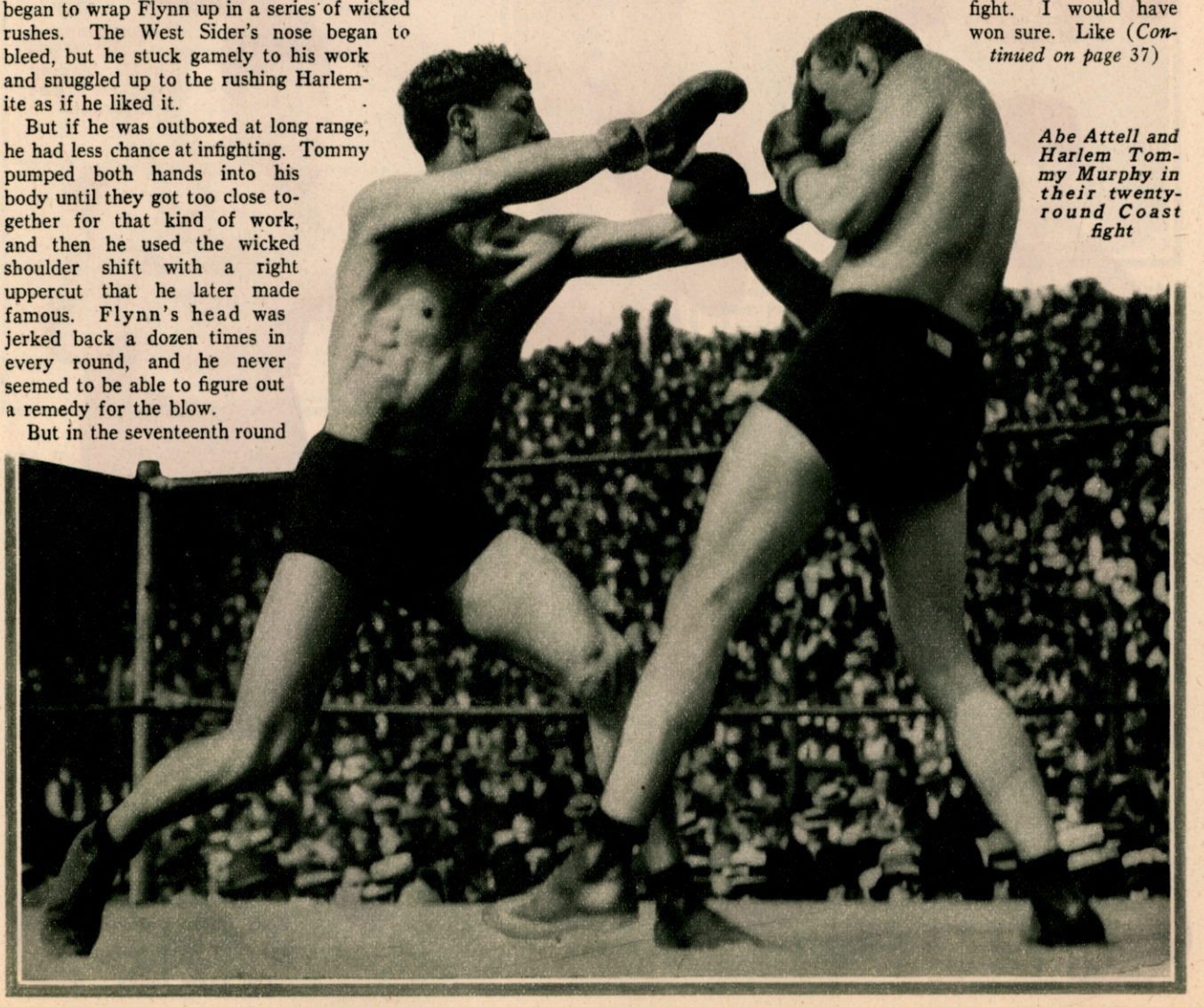
And there you are!

Asked what he considered his first important battle and what he thought of Terry McGovern, his rival, Harlem Tommy replied:

"My first big fight was with Hughey McGovern, Terry's brother. Hugh had beaten everybody, and I was only a novice when I bested him in six rounds. It ended his career.

"Why, I was only in the game a year and a half when I fought Frankie Neil, then the bantamweight champion of the world. It was a terrible battle. I think I won. Some of the papers called it a draw. But I didn't care what they called it. I called it a mighty good performance for a mere 'shaver.'

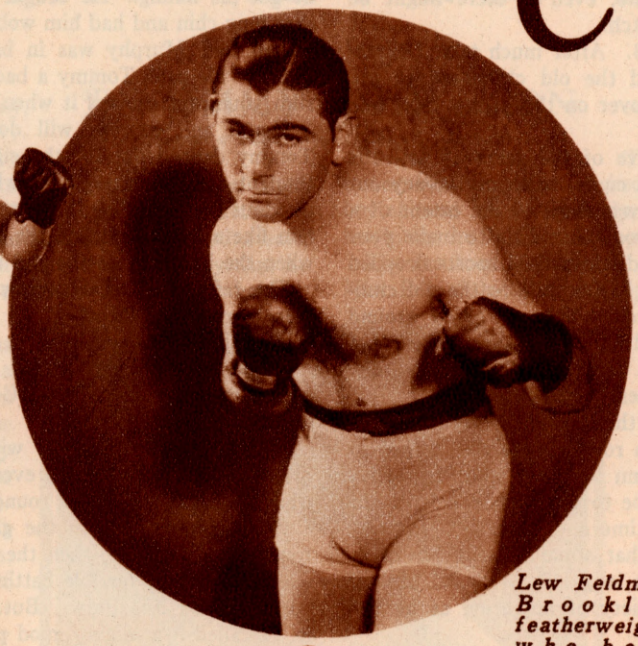
"The only time I was ever knocked out was by Terry McGovern. I lost in the first round in Philadelphia in 1905. He knocked me down five times. I should never have lost that fight. I would have won sure. Like (*Continued on page 37*)



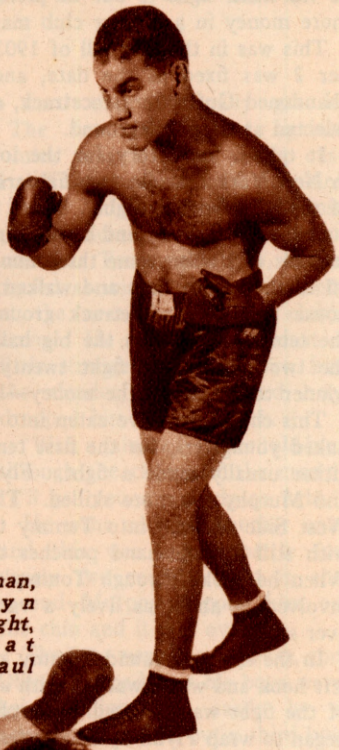
Abe Attell and Harlem Tommy Murphy in their twenty-round Coast fight

Stars on the Climb

Eddie Kid Wolfe, crackerjack welterweight contender, from Memphis

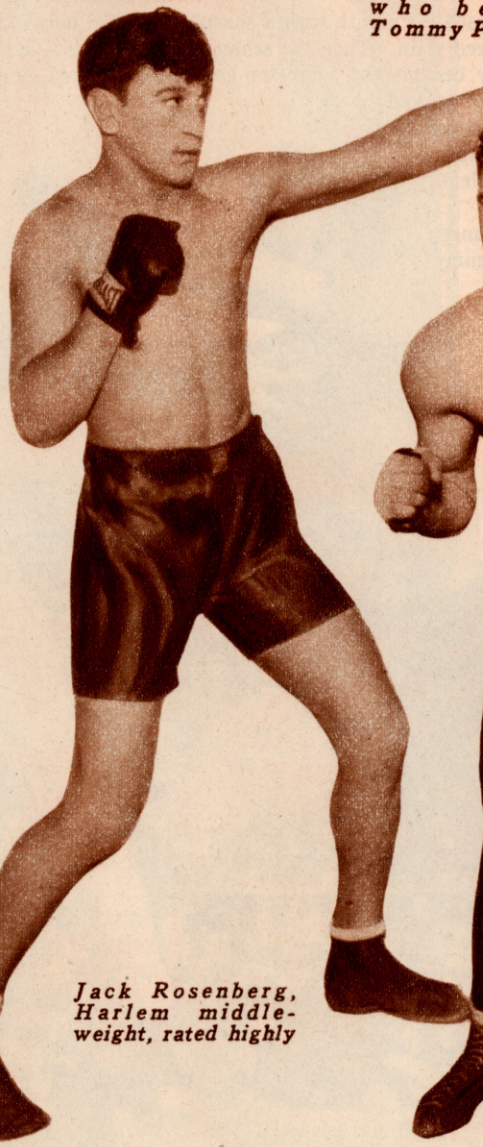


Lew Feldman, Brooklyn featherweight, who beat Tommy Paul

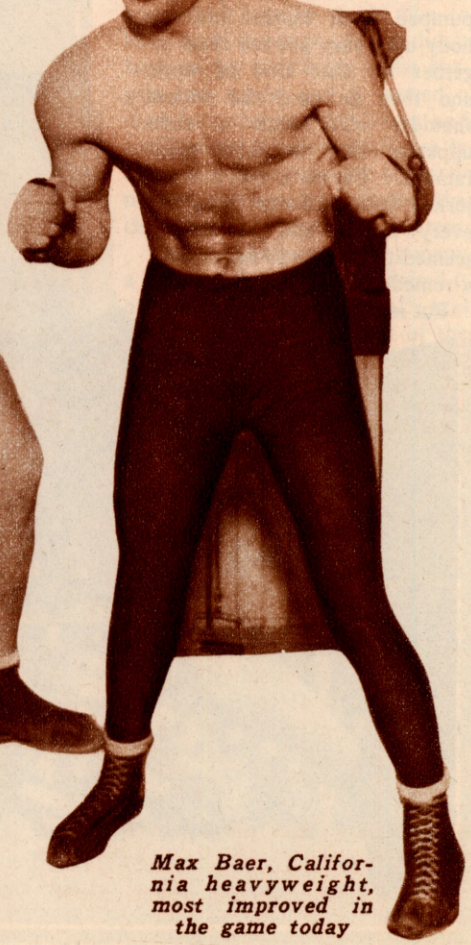


Marty Sampson, one of New York's leading middleweight aspirants

Ernie Ratner, rugged Newark lightweight, a worthy foe for the best



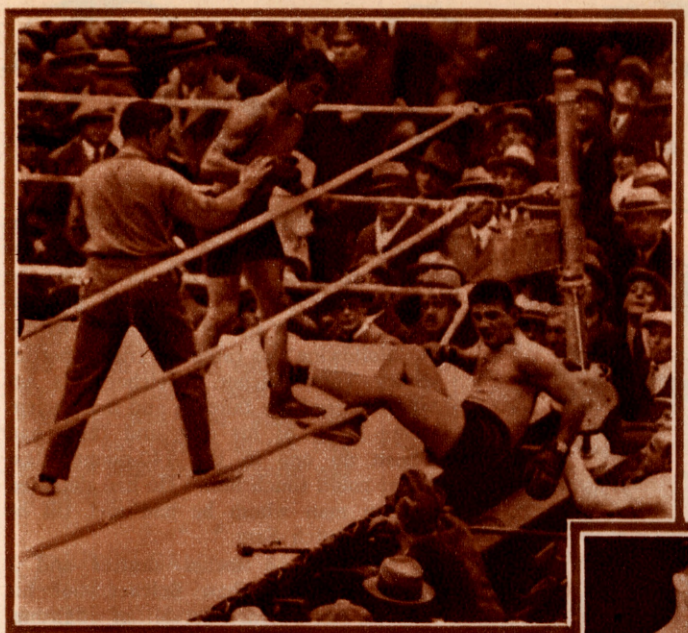
Jack Rosenberg, Harlem middleweight, rated highly



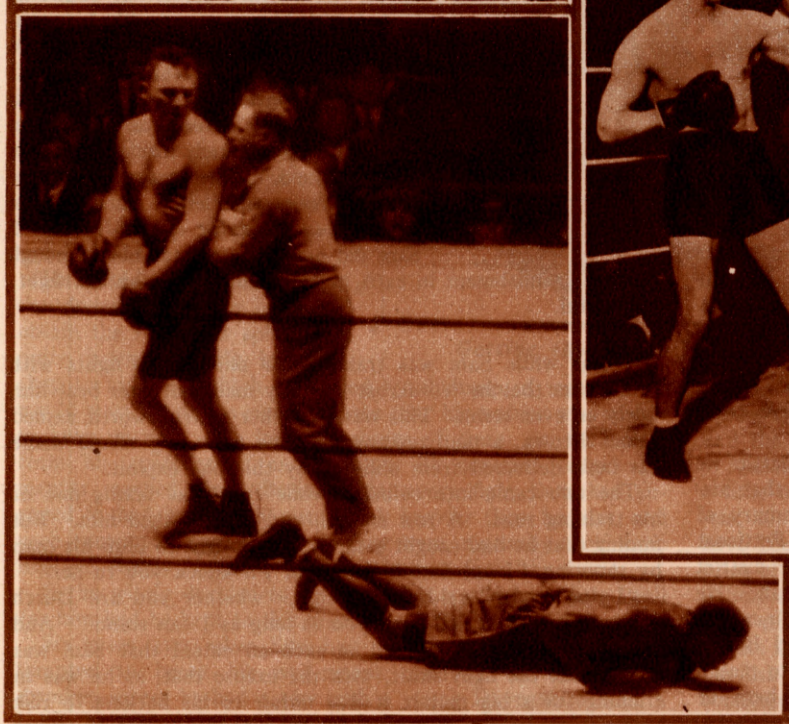
Max Baer, California heavyweight, most improved in the game today

Famous Fights Recalled

No. 26

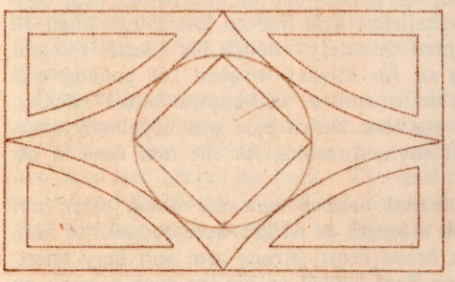


When Paul Berlenbach was at his peak. Here he is hammering King Solomon out of the ring in their battle at the Polo Grounds in 1925 when Paul held the light-heavyweight title and stepped out of his class

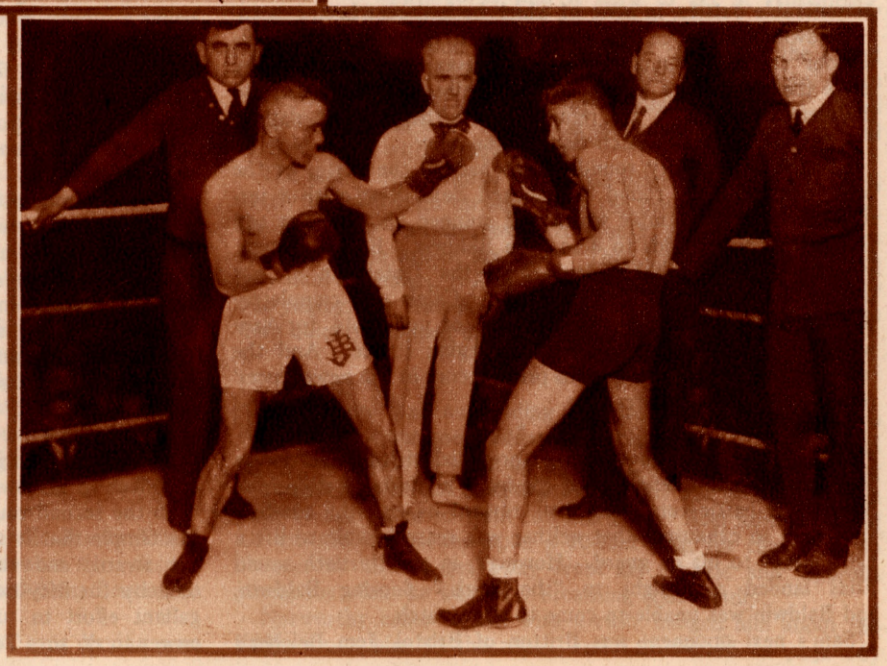


Kid Norfolk flat on his face after Tom Gibbons had delivered one of his terrific short jolting uppercuts in the old Madison Square Garden on December 9, 1924. The fight was over in the sixth round

Mike McTigue, when he held the world's light-heavyweight title, sparring off with Tommy Loughran prior to their no decision contest in Philadelphia which was won by Loughran. The late Pop O'Brien was the referee



When Johnny Buff and Abe Attell Goldstein clashed for the flyweight championship of America in 1921. Buff won by a knockout in the second round



Dutch Sam's

FROM the time of Dan Mendoza to the present day, the Jewish race has never been without an able representative in the squared circle. But of all that long roster of Hebrew boxers, few have been comparable to Samuel Elias, better known by the undying name of Dutch Sam.

"Terrific is the only word that adequately describes his manner of fighting," says Pierce Egan, boxing's greatest historian. He was 5 feet 6½ inches in height, and never in his life scaled more than 134 pounds. Yet he defeated some of the best 168-pounders of his era.

Stripped, he appeared to be much heavier than his actual weight, for all of his muscular power, and there was a tremendous lot of it, was in the proper places. His shoulders were remarkably square and well knit; his arms, long, round, hard and muscular; his hands, like cast steel, hard and muscular. They never puffed or knocked up, no matter how hard he hit with them or how long.

Dutch Sam

His eyes were quick and piercing as an eagle's, and the cruel gleam in them seemed to unnerve most of his antagonists. His attack was devilish in its fury. One of the best judges of boxing then living said of him: "As a hard hitter, we except no pugilist whatever. Gully never struck with such force, nor Cribb more heavily than Sam, whose blows were truly terrible to encounter."

Such was this famous Jewish boxer, whose last battle we will describe in this article. But before we come to that historical event, it might be well to give a brief summary of Dutch Sam's career. Samuel Elias was born in Petticoat Lane, Whitechapel, London, on April 4th, 1775, the district from which Jackie Kid Berg and Ted Kid Lewis hail. He fought his first battle for the modest sum of five guineas on October 12th, 1801, when he won over a man named Baker, and three years later he was considered good enough to match against the celebrated veteran, Caleb Baldwin, the hero of innumerable battles, in none of which he had ever been beaten.

Baldwin was seven years older than Sam, seven pounds heavier and was thought to be as clever and hard as they make them. Two to one was laid on him, and right well did the veteran maintain his reputation on that August day in 1804 when he faced Dutch Sam in the ring.

For the first twenty rounds Caleb had all the better of the fight. In the ninth round he knocked Sam down with a terrific smash on the temple which half stunned his opponent and raised the betting odds to 4 to 1 on Baldwin. But the youth, strength and indomitable courage of the Dutchman at last sapped the vitality of the "old 'un." Caleb was completely puzzled by Sam's lightninglike delivery of uppercuts, for Sam was the actual inventor of that damaging stroke. And the first mention ever made of it in print occurs in the newspapers' reports of this encounter.

* * *

BALDWIN was almost as well provided with ammunition as was Sam and defied all of the latter's efforts to whip him. And so the battle continued until, toward its end, the combatants were so exhausted that neither was scarcely able to lift a hand either to hit or guard. However, in the thirtieth round Elias landed a straight to "the mark," flooring Baldwin, and Baldwin was unable to come to the scratch.

Sam's next opponent was Britton of Bristol, Jem Belcher's first antagonist. Elias was drunk when he entered the ring, and his backers were enraged, but drunk as he was, he was more than a match for Britton, over whom he scored a decisive victory.

Following this came the trio of battles with Tom Belcher. Belcher was acknowledged the fanciest and most scientific boxer of his day, and there had been no one in the 140-pound class that could touch him. He had defeated every man whom he had met till he faced Dutch Sam.

Sam was 3 inches shorter and 7 pounds lighter than Belcher, but his fierce, determined style of fighting, united with his great strength, his wonderful endurance and, above all, his iron hands, gave him the victory. It was hard fought and hard won, and when after two defeats and a drawn battle Belcher asked for another go, Elias declined, on the ground that three meetings were sufficient. Each was an exhaustive, damaging set-to in which Sam did not emerge scratchless, though Belcher's punishment in each, and particularly in the last fight, was awful.

* * *

IT was while Sam was training for one of his fights with Belcher that he fell across the only man that ever beat him fairly on even terms. This was a butcher of Wadsworth, named James Brown, a man unknown to the prize-ring whose name has been delivered from oblivion by this one exploit.

The two came into collision while Sam was taking one of his training runs. A row ensued, and Elias rushed him. But finding that he had caught a tartar, he thought to bluff his man by shouting, "I am Dutch Sam, and I'll knock you to hell!"

"I don't care," said the butcher, "whether you are Dutch Sam or the devil. I'll bang you as long as I can stand." And bang the Dutchman he did, to such an extent that Sam was glad to cut the fight short, with the excuse that, as he was in training for a big match, it was unfair to his backers to risk being injured. But the honors of the day undoubtedly rested with Bold Butcher Brown of Wadsworth.

Bill Cropley, a fine, sturdy young chap of 146 pounds, was Sam's next opponent, and in 25 minutes the terrible Petticoat Laner had his opponent bleeding, blinded and senseless in the ring, and Sam went home richer than when he came, by 100 guineas.

A well-known athlete named Ben Medley, renowned for his prowess and skill with the gloves, had an altercation with Sam which resulted in a challenge fight for no less a sum than 20 guineas. Elias accepted this defy, though his friends thought him a fool for doing so, for Medley weighed 168 pounds, was powerful, active, athletic and a well-known boxer besides. The general opinion was that Dutch Sam was hopelessly overmatched and was set for a thrashing for the first time in his career in the ring.

But the Hebrew feared neither man nor devil, cared not what the odds of fight strength or weight were opposed to him, confident in his own brave heart, strong arm and fiery onset.

In the second round Sam landed on his foe such a crack on the temple that it stretched him, big as he was, full length on the sward, and though he rose and fought with bull-dog tenacity for fifty-two minutes and made a most desperate and gallant effort to turn the tide of battle, it was beyond his power to do so. Toward the close of the affray Sam punished

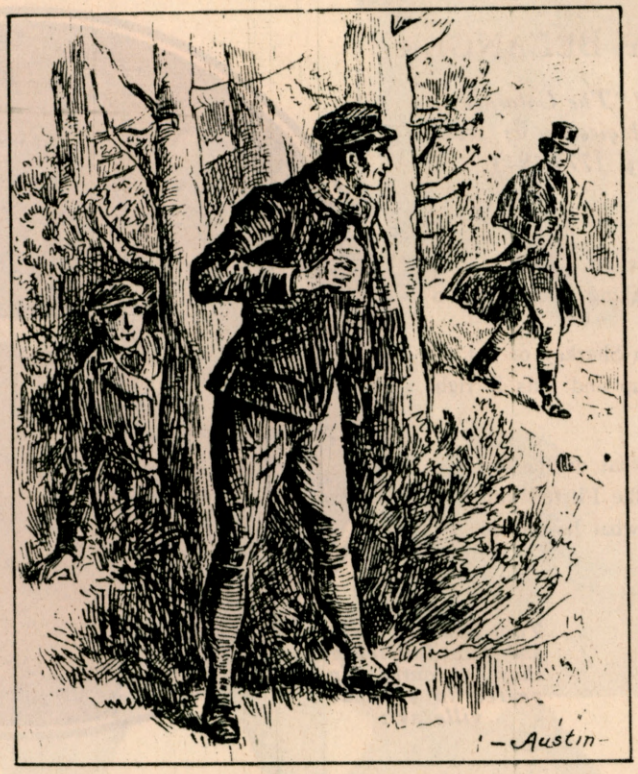
Down-Fall

his man frightfully. Medley's gashed, bruised and bleeding face was an awesome sight. The upper lip seemed to be hanging by a thread. His blood ran in such streams from nose, ears and mouth that his entire body was dyed crimson with it, and everyone was glad when the sponge was thrown in the ring and the sickening spectacle was at an end.

* * *

DUTCH SAM was 35 years old when he fought and won this battle. On the 31st of May, 1810, he announced his determination to retire from the prize-ring. Strong and hardy as he was, the life he had led had begun to sap his vitality. He was a terrible toper, and one of his silly brags was that he could train on gin. His trainers tried in vain to keep the stuff away from him.

He *would* have it, and one of the dodges by which he would obtain the forbidden spirits was quite ingenious. He bribed a chap to hide in a ditch concealed by a clump of trees. Sam would start off on his run at a pace that his trainer was unable to keep up with, pop into the clump of trees, get the bottle from his confederate, and swallow its contents before his mentor reached him. Besides this, every fight Sam had engaged in had been with men much heavier than he was, and each encounter, hard fought as they were, naturally took some fire and energy from the victor as well as from the victim.



Getting the bottle from his confederate

So he wisely decided to retire, and it would have been well for him had he kept to this resolution. But he failed to do so.

Six years later, when Sam had passed his 41st year, he was tempted to break his well-meant resolve. In one of his drunken sprees he had a row with a young Devonshire man, a baker by trade, who had gained quite a reputation in the west country as a boxer and wrestler. He was a fine, athletic, good-looking fellow, 5 feet 7 inches in height and weighed 154 pounds. His name was William Nosworthy.

He had some experience in the squared circle, having won three fights. Two of the men whom Nosworthy had met were Jews, Ben Levy and Dan Martin, the last named quite a figure in pugilistica and well known as the conqueror of Jack Lancaster. It was owing to some insulting and disparaging remark upon Hebrew boxers in general made by Nosworthy in the hearing of Sam Elias that the quarrel between them took place.

Nosworthy expressed his contempt for Sam as a worn-out, gin-sodden old wreck. And Sam as contemptuously expressed *his* opinion that, old as he was, he could lick Nosworthy with one hand tied behind his back. The bold baker challenged him to try and do the trick with two hands, and the end of it was that the pair were matched to fight for 125 guineas.

* * *

SO great was the curiosity to see the redoubtable Dutch Sam once more display his skill and prowess that, despite the torrents of rain, thousands of men flocked from London to witness the fight.

The oldest ring-goer could not remember ever having seen so vast a parade of vehicles and foot folk on the classic Hurst. And still the betting odds remained at 4 to 1 on the Dutchman, notwithstanding that these odds were being freely taken by knowing ones who held to the old-fashioned theory that "Youth must be served." And among the heaviest backers of Nosworthy was shrewd old John Gully, whose judgment was rarely wrong. Sam had stipulated in the articles of agreement that the ring must be only 20 feet square, so that Nosworthy might not have room to avoid him and tire him out by retreating tactics. How strangely these conditions affected Sam himself was seen in the fight.

When the men stood up stripped in the arena, the contrast between them was striking. Nosworthy was the picture of the well-trained athlete, his face rosy with health, limbs well developed, eyes clear, his flesh firm and hard. Sam, on the other hand, was in a deplorable condition. Those who had known him in his prime were shocked to see what a falling-off there was. One could count every rib, and the skin hung flabbily on his bones.

Muscle was still left upon his once powerful frame, but not a tithe of what had once been. His eyes were dull and lustreless, his face clouded and careworn. What his legs might have been no one could state, as he wore leggins, to the surprise of everyone, a sure sign that his underpinning was shaky.

Still so great was his prestige that not one man in ten of those present believed it possible that he could be vanquished. In the first three rounds Sam fought with something of his old devilish fire, but his blows failed to do much damage, and somehow he appeared to find it hard to get at Nosworthy, who held his own better than most expected.

In the fourth round a startling change came over the aspect of the fight. The baker suddenly assumed the offensive, drove Sam before him to the ropes and, pinning him there, drove three tremendous body blows that made the spectators, as well as Sam, gasp with astonishment.

The last of these blows was a pile-driver to the chest which nearly doubled Sam up and drove the breath out of his body. He fell, limp and helpless, his mouth gaping and his eyes almost starting out of his head. Then someone shouted, "It's only Sam's gammin." And under the impression that he really was faking, his friends still roared 4 to 1 on Sam, odds that were quickly snapped up by the other side.

* * *

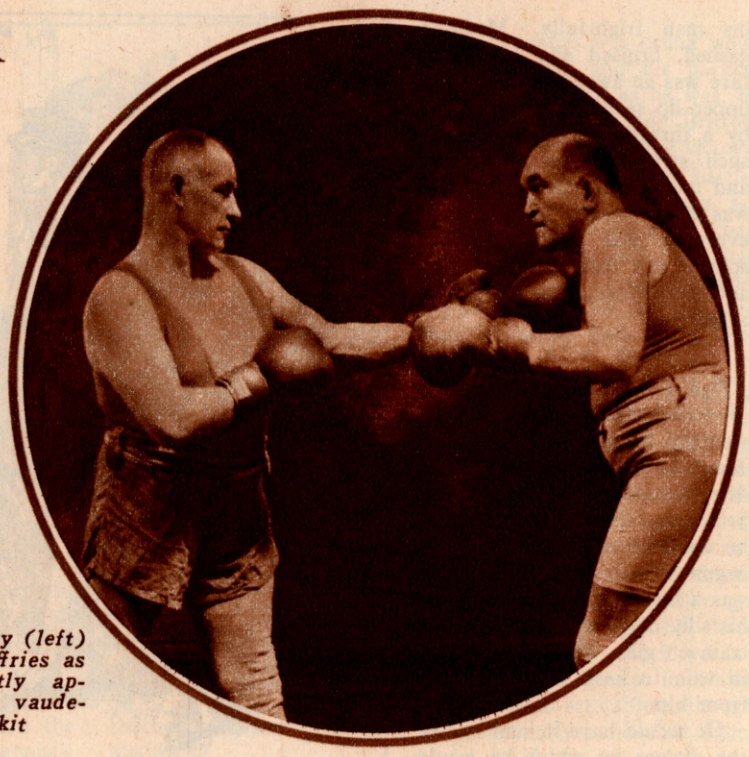
BUT there was no kidding on Dutch Sam's part at this time, as became evident from his forlorn and distressed appearance when he came up for round 5. Sam was beginning to realize that he had caught a Tartar and was now cursing his folly in neglecting to train for this fight. And now he found his mistake in insisting upon a 20-foot ring, for there was no chance for him to get away from his athletic and vigorous young foe when he wanted a breathing space badly.

Nosworthy came at him with a rush, banged him about the body, drove him to the ropes, and (*Continued on page* 36)

TOM SHARKEY

By JOHN HARVEY BELANGER

After the manner in part of "The Cataract of Ladore," with sincere apologies to its great author, Robert Southey, 1774-1843.



Tom Sharkey (left) and Jim Jeffries as they recently appeared in a vaudeville skit

I WAS never so riled as once on a time
When I chanced to be speaking o' that idol o' mine,
That Irishman mighty, Tom Sharkey of old,
When a youngster comes up and puts it right bold.

"Who is this man, Sharkey, and what did he do?"
Well I told him right then, just like I'll tell you,
Who was this man, Sharkey, and what he did do.

LITTLE more than a mite
When measured by height,
Nor a giant in weight,
But please let me state,
No man in the art
Had ever the heart
That beat and nest'
In the barrel-chest
Of that gallant man
From the Em'rald Lan'.

WITH that heart aflame
With but just one aim,
That to rule the ring
As the heavy king,
Woe be to the man
That then did stan'
In the way to stop
His route to the top.

FROM the bell a-ringing
For the bout beginning
The sailor boy strong
Plunges in headlong,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging,
Charging and clashing,
Stinging and lashing,
Punching and weaving,
Rending and cleaving,
Boring and springing,
Hooking and swinging,
Spinning and twisting,
Darting and whisking,
Frothing and hissing,
Spuming and whizzing,
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Punishing, battering,
Ravishing, shattering
And tearing and trouncing,
And whirling and flouncing,
And rapping and hitting,
And cutting and splitting,
And battling and banging,
And biffing and whanging,
With never a stopping
Till someone is dropping.

AND though he is shaking,
Whitening and quaking,
Heaving and shivering,
Puffing and quivering,
And grunting and fumbling,
And struggling and stumbling,
And aching and groaning,
And doubling and moaning,
And twinging and falling,
And writhing and sprawling,
And bruising and bleeding,
There ne'er is retreating,
Nor begging of quarter
To ease pain or slaughter.

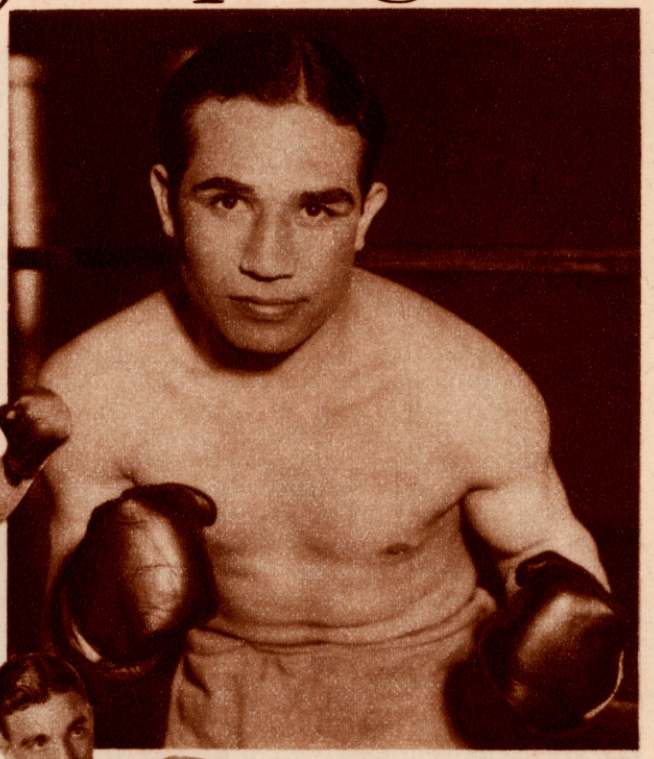
HE'S right there fighting, always fighting,
Turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And rushing and gushing and flushing,
And thumping and bumping and jumping,
And roughing and toughing and cuffing.

AND knocking, socking, shocking, rocking,
And ramming, jamming, slamming, whamming,
And dashing, crashing, smashing, bashing,
But fighting, fighting, always fighting.

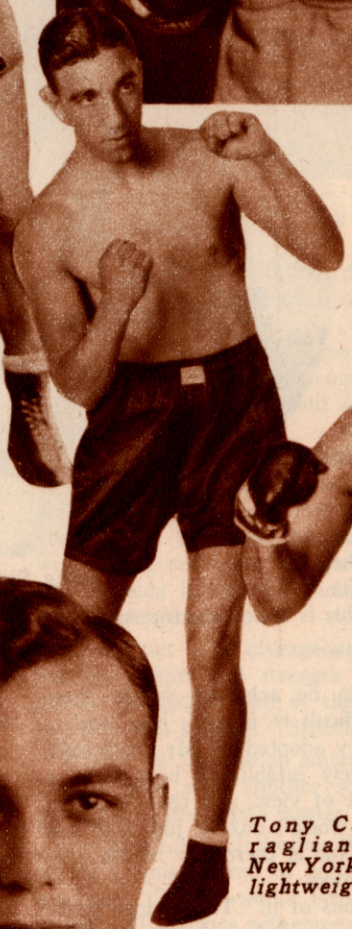
THAT, my friends, is the answer in part
To the question that this did start.
The rest may be told with but a scrawl,
He fought the best, and beat them all.

Seasoned Campaigners

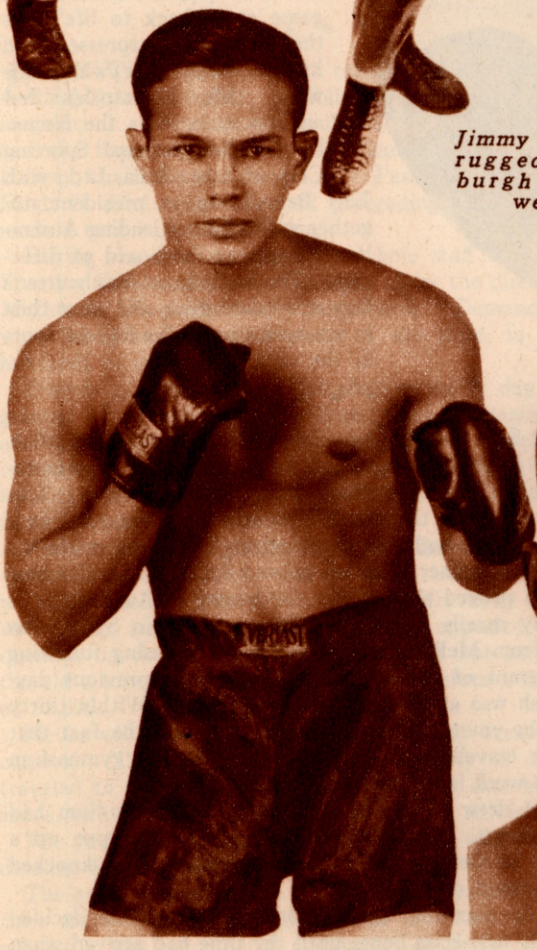
Sid Silas, New York hard-hitting junior welterweight



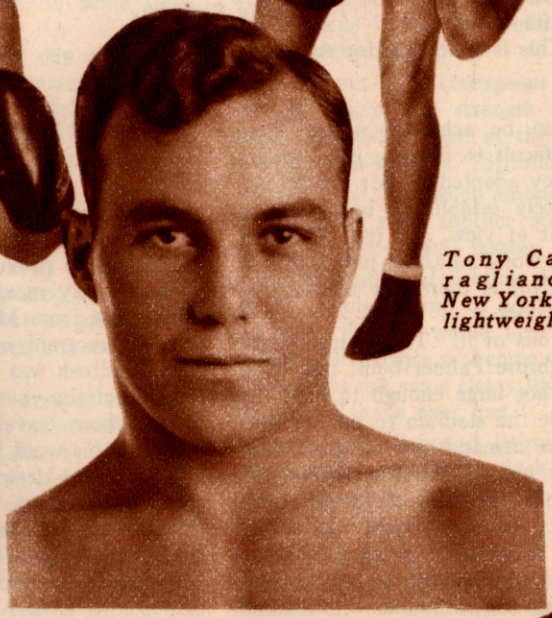
Routier Parra, South American flyweight entry



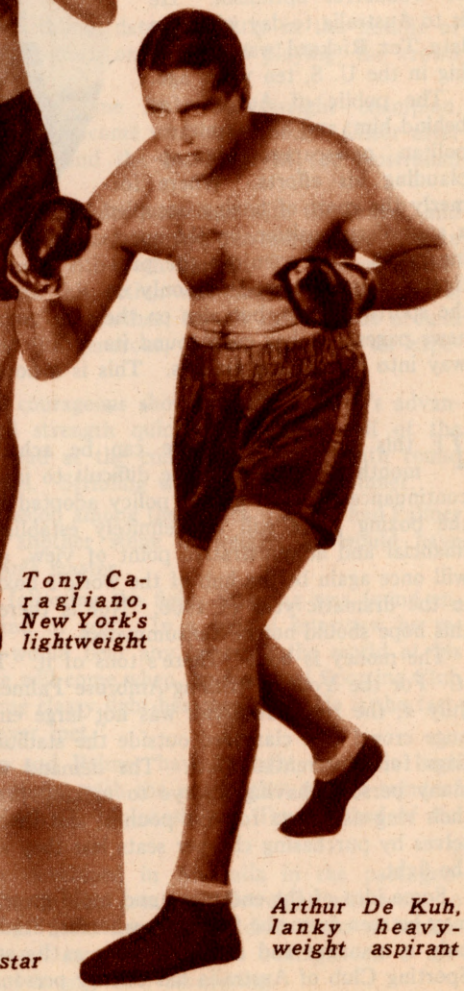
Jimmy Belmont, rugged Pittsburgh welterweight



Vincent Hambright, Cincinnati's welterweight crack



Lee Cox, Indiana lightweight star



Tony Caragliano, New York's lightweight

Arthur De Kuh, lanky heavyweight aspirant

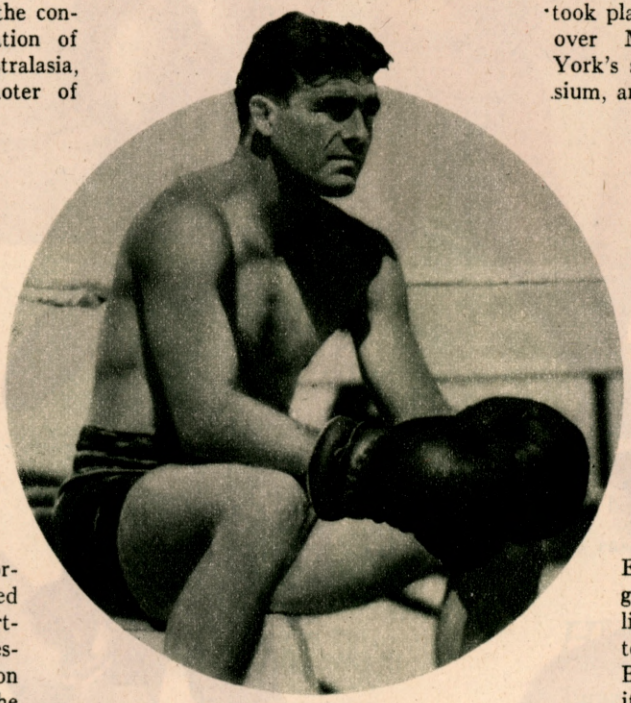
BOXING COMES BACK *with*

Hugh D. McIntosh, Who Staged Johnson-Burns Battle, the Tex Rickard of Pugilism in the Antipodes

THREE months ago the boxing game in Australia was not worth the snap of your fingers. It had reached such a poor plight that Stadiums Limited, which then controlled it, had closed the doors of both Sydney and Melbourne stadiums.

To-day, the old game is booming as it has never done in the last two decades. The doors have been opened every Monday night, international contests have been fought, visits from prominent boxers in all parts of the world have been arranged, crowds of 15,000 have been thrilled from week to week, and many thousands have been taken at the gates.

This remarkable change of affairs has been brought about by the Hon. Hugh D. McIntosh, the controlling mind behind the formation of the National Sporting Club of Australasia, Limited. Once again the promoter of the famous world's heavyweight championship contest between Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson, way back in 1908, has galvanized his energy into the promotion of boxing, and in less than three months he has taken the sport out of the doldrums of despair and placed it on the high seas of wonderful optimism. He is to Australia to-day what the late Tex Rickard was to boxing in the U. S. ten years ago.



Young Stribling

The public of Australia is behind him, and all the metropolitan newspapers are applauding his efforts. Where formerly the sport of boxing occupied a subsidiary position on the sporting pages, it now enjoys the prestige of being featured not only on the sporting pages, but also on the news pages. It has even found its way into the leading articles. This is a novelty for Australia.

* * *

IF this remarkable change can be achieved within three months, it should not be difficult to imagine how, with a continuance of the vigorous policy adopted by Mr. McIntosh, the boxing game will be definitely established both from a financial and administrative point of view, and that Australia will once again be the hub of the world's boxing, just as it was in the dramatic year of 1908. Nor is there any reason why this hope should not be consummated.

The money is here. There's tons of it. The takings prove it. For the Young Stribling-Ambrose Palmer bout, staged on July 4, the ring-side arena was not large enough to hold the huge crowd that clamored outside the stadium to pay 34 shillings for preferential seats. The demand was so great that many persons, having an eye to making profit, actually sold their ring-side seats for five pounds, and then contented themselves by purchasing cheaper seats lest they should miss seeing the fight.

Some idea of the enormous and rapid growth of the business may be seen from the fact that, whereas, Stadiums Limited had only a manager and a matchmaker as its staff, the National Sporting Club of Australia has twenty persons on its staff, and the offices at the stadium at Rushcutter's Bay, the headquarters, have been subdivided to house those assistants who are in charge of the various departments.

Inside the stadium itself there has been a complete renovation. All the seats have been rearranged under the direction of an architect, so that every patron now has an excellent view, no matter where he is sitting, and the capacity has been enlarged. Also several gymnasiums have been added to the stadium building, each completely fitted with all accessories necessary for boxing preparation. Stribling and Palmer occupied these gymnasiums for their fight while they had the added advantage of sparring daily in the ring where their contest took place. This is a great improvement over Madison Square Garden, New York's show place, which has no gymnasium, and is a hit with the boxers.

It was in March of this year that the public had its first real sensation. "H. D. McIntosh re-enters the boxing game" was the type of poster used by all the newspapers in making the announcement. Favorable comment was heard on all sides.

"Now we shall see the old game come back to life" was the statement, expressed and implied, heard everywhere one went. Mr. McIntosh's first announcement was the formation of the National Sporting Club of Australasia, Ltd., with Earl Beauchamp as president, together with a list of leading Australian citizens as the board of directors. The stadium at Rushcutter's Bay was taken over, and since then it has been one of the busiest spots in the city.

* * *

THE first fight controlled by Mr. McIntosh was on April 4, between Bobby Delaney, lightweight champion of Australia, and Bobby Blay, a brilliant boxer from Victoria. This contest had for more than twelve months been regarded as a "natural," but although many attempts had been made to bring the boys together, they all proved futile. The clinching of this match proved a great day for boxing in Australia.

One readily recalls how Bobby Blay arrived in Sydney on the express from Melbourne on the Sunday morning following the announcemnt of the change of control the previous day. Mr. McIntosh was at the station to meet him. Within thirty minutes of the young Victorian's arrival, despite the fact that he had been travelling all night, he was in the gymnasium eating up his work in preparation for his fight.

That contest drew by far the largest house the stadium had enjoyed for years. Delaney won after Blay had put up a thrilling fight in view of the fact that he was nearly knocked cold in the second round.

Owing to the fact that the National Sporting Club decided to put on only first-class bouts until the time had arrived when the number of classy boxers offering would justify a full program of weekly matches, the next fight did not take place until

a BANG in AUSTRALIA

By JAMES MATHERS

Boxing Editor, Sydney Daily Telegraph

May 2, when Ambrose Palmer won the Australasian and Dominions heavyweight championship by stopping Allan Campbell, New Zealand heavyweight title holder, in the ninth round. The publicity associated with that fight was mindful of the golden days of boxing in Australia.

As Campbell sailed up Sydney harbor, an airman encircled the ship and dropped a floral decoration in the shape of a boxing glove. The New Zealander was tendered a wonderful reception at the Hotel Australia, at which many prominent and distinguished citizens were present. The takings for this fight amounted to £6000, an equivalent in normal times to almost $25,000 in U. S. money.

The stage was now set. Came the announcement that Mr. McIntosh had secured W. L. (Young) Stribling for Australia. This news was plastered all over the state on newspaper posters. Stribling became No. 1 news item for all Australian newspapers. His life story was published, and he was featured in the magazine pages.

In the meantime, however, there were fights ahead. On May 9, Fred Henneberry retained his title of middleweight champion of Australia against Bob Thornton on a foul in the ninth round. Thornton, by the way, had previously defeated Ambrose Palmer in a middlewight title bout in Melbourne on a foul, but was outpointed completely by Palmer in a return match in Sydney. Palmer, too, had lost his middleweight crown to Henneberry on a foul.

* * *

EVERYTHING was now in readiness for the famous Stribling-Palmer contest. Stribling's reception in Sydney was magnificent. The main hall in the Hotel Australia was packed, and the happy speeches of Sir Henry Braddon, Mr. Stuart Harvey, chairman of directors; Mr. Percy Hunter and the Hon. Hugh D. McIntosh enlivened proceedings. Stribling himself made a very happy impression.

During the next fortnight the whole staff of the National Sporting Club worked day and night under the direction of Mr. McIntosh. Bookings were phenomenal. Demands for seats were telephoned from all parts of the state, in some cases hundreds of miles away.

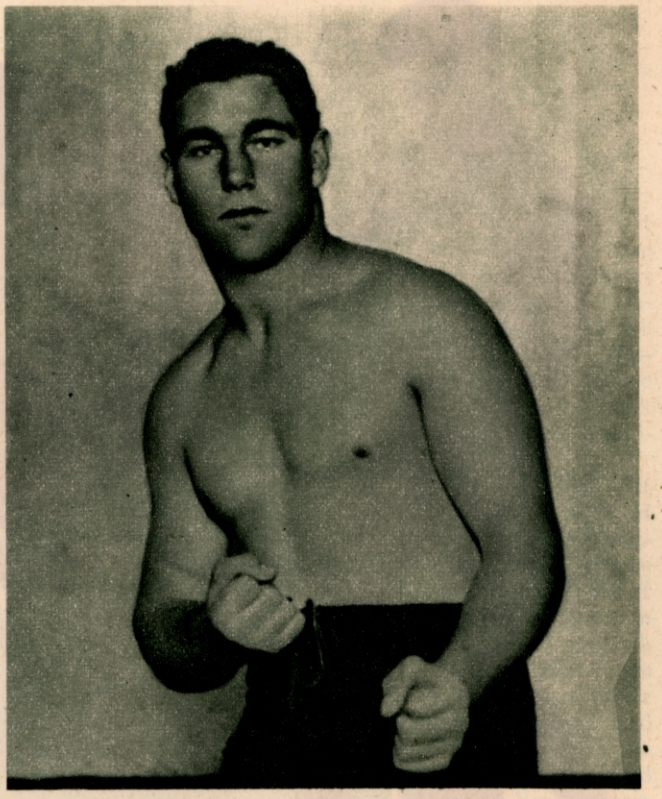
Crowds gathered outside the stadium every day to catch a glimpse of Stribling as he emerged from his taxicab with Pa and Clyde Chastain, his sparring partner. The crowd, of course, was not admitted to the arena to watch the boxers in training. So unlike what one is accustomed to in the United States.

For a whole fortnight Stribling was the main topic of conversation in all circles. Special men from the newspapers were allocated to "cover" Stribling. His daily doings were written up, and public imagination was appealed to. Consequently, on the night of the fight it was not surprising that the old stadium rocked with enthusiasm before a record crowd of 15,000.

Never will we forget that night. Sydney seemed to be in carnival. Trams loaded far above capacity at double fares traveled to and from the stadium. Motor cars by the thousands, so it seemed, lined streets and lanes adjoining.

The park opposite was filled. Hundreds of policemen were detailed for special duty.

The great gathering filed through the gates and passed in to their seats without the slightest sign of disorder, so well and efficiently was every detail arranged. As Stribling walked, or was it pranced down the aisle, the band struck up the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner." It was an inspiring spectacle. There was Stribling, dancing lightly in the middle of the ring with dressing-gown on, the band playing, the crowd singing.



Les Darcy

Followed Australia's game little heavyweight champion, Ambrose Palmer. His welcome was tumultuous. Cheer after cheer greeted the lad, and the band played the Australian national anthem.

Palmer appeared to be quite overcome with the ordeal, and Stribling, in a magnanimous moment, ran across the ring to grasp the boy warmly with both hands. To the crowd beyond in the bleachers this action was merely the traditional welcome of one boxer to another, but to those of us around the ring-side it was the generous, gallant action of an experienced gentleman.

Palmer put up a courageous showing, but Stribling's advantage in weight and strength quickly took their toll of the plucky Australian, and at the conclusion of the tenth round the fight was stopped. Stribling was declared the winner.

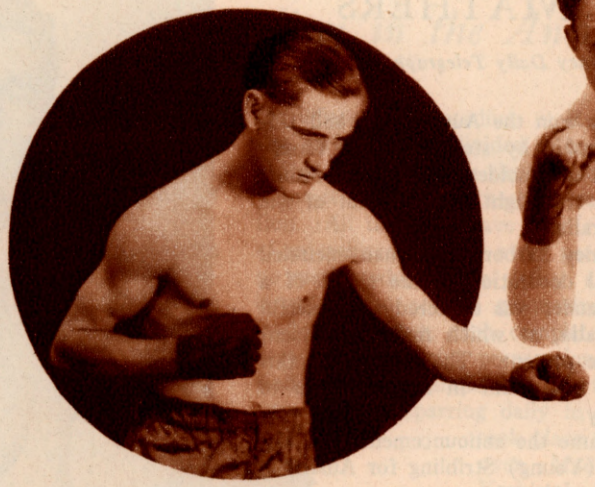
Briefly, the impression among the critics was that had Palmer been blessed with another stone in weight, he would have proved the American's master.

On the morning following the fight, Stribling was found enjoying a quiet round of golf. In a special interview he remarked: "Palmer would beat any boxer in the world at his weight. His chance will come when the National Sporting Club has brought out some classy light-heavyweights. He is the fastest boxer I have ever met."

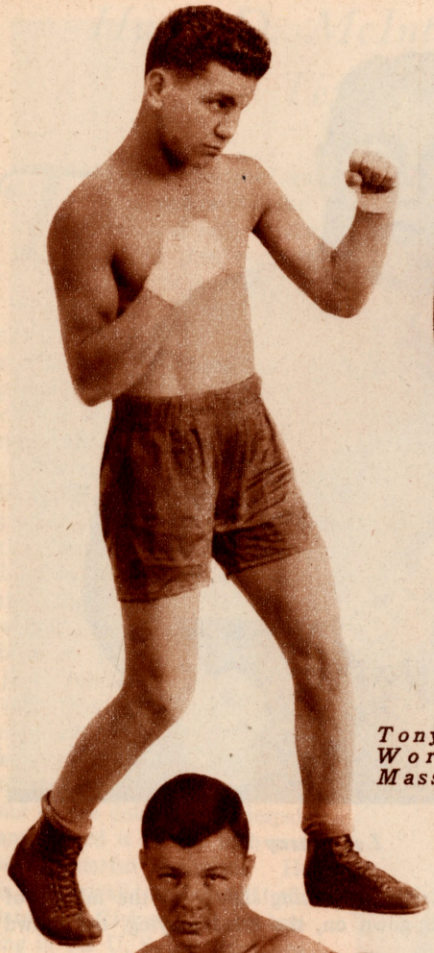
And so Stribling and Palmer have brought Australia back into the boxing spotlight, with the aid of that master mind of sports, the Hon. Hugh D. McIntosh, the Tex Rickard of the Antipodes.

The best fighter developed in Australia in the past generation, was Les Darcy, the great middleweight who went to America in quest of fistic honors and died from a broken heart. It was after Darcy's death that boxing took a terrific slump here and is only now recovering.

Pleasing Performers

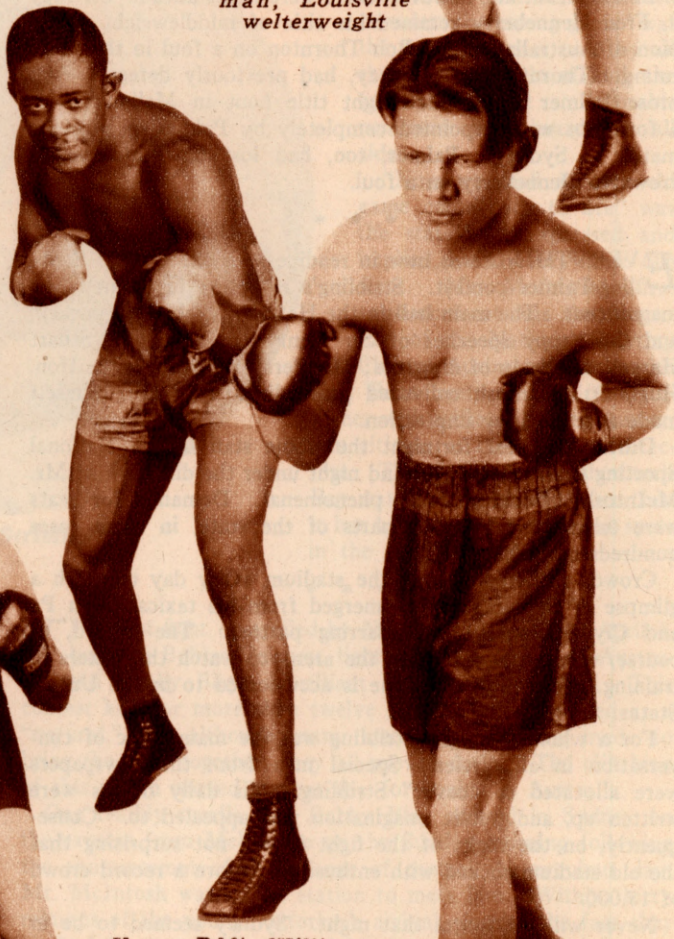


Young Jack Gallagher, 140 pounder from Philadelphia

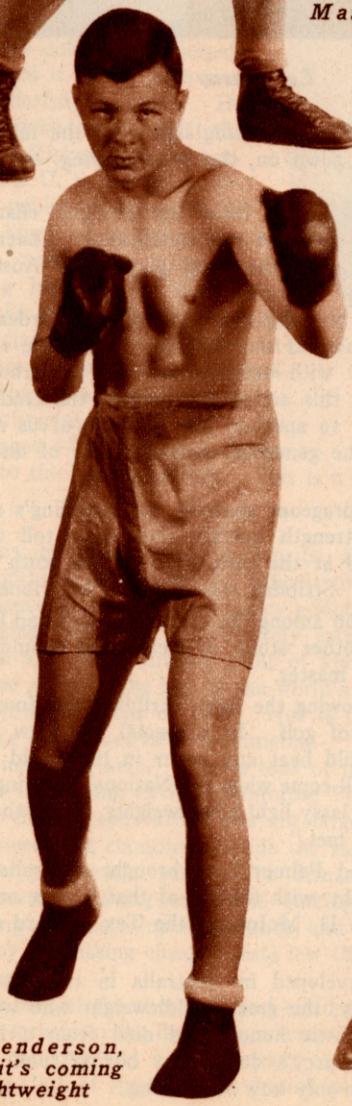


Tony Celli, Worcester, Mass., pride

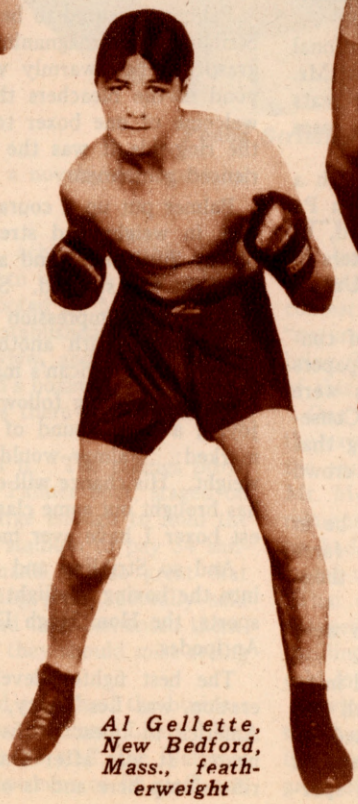
Larry Kid Kaufman, Louisville welterweight



Young Eddie Williams from North Carolina



Al Henderson, Detroit's coming lightweight



Al Gellette, New Bedford, Mass., featherweight

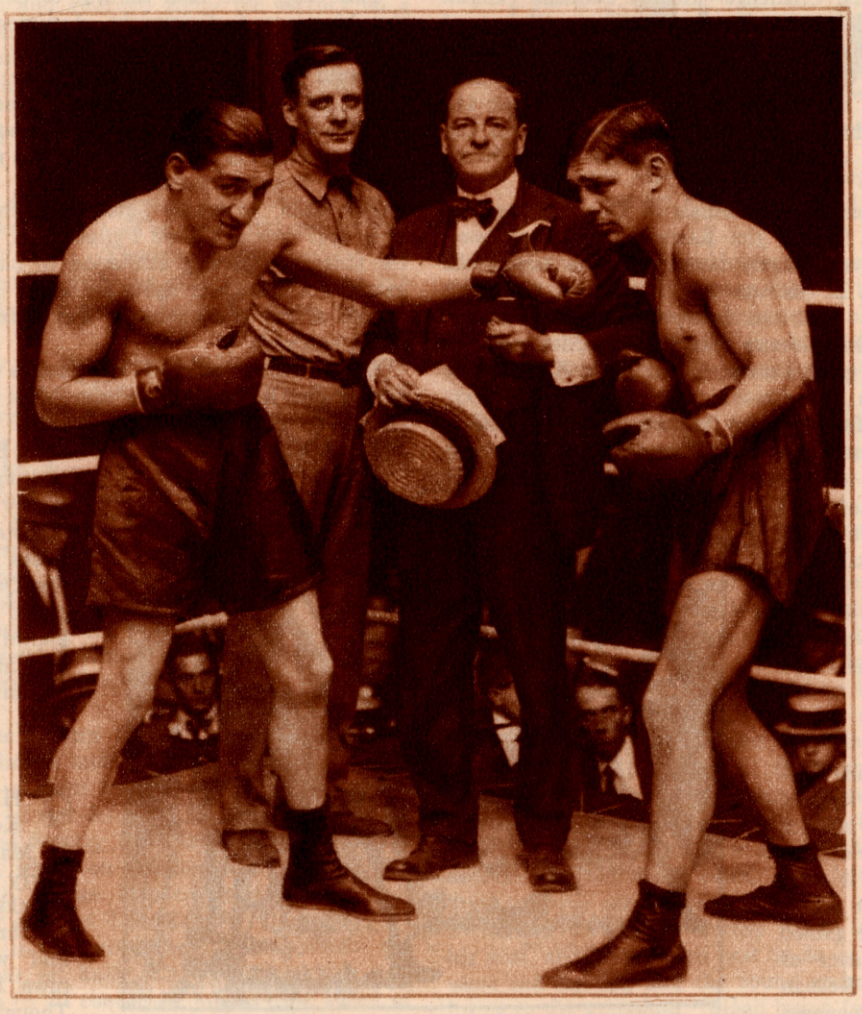
Young Rudy, seasoned Pittsburgh welterweight

The HUMAN WINDMILL

Harry Greb Was Most Aggressive Fighter in Modern Fistiana

By EDWARD MERRILL

HIS family name was Henry Berg, and he twisted it to Greb as a fighting name. He was born June 7, 1894, in Pittsburgh, Pa., his father being German and his mother Irish. From his father he inherited his sturdy physique, and from his Irish mother he got the quick wit and pugnacity for which he was noted. His death on October 22, 1926, was untimely, as he was but 32 years of age. His death was due to an automobile accident in which his head was injured. An operation was regarded as necessary and he failed to recover from the effects. Greb stood 5 feet 8½ inches tall and doubtless never scaled above 160 pounds. He captured two titles—the middleweight and light heavyweight, but lost them both previous to his demise.



When Harry Greb won the world's middleweight title from Johnny Wilson. Left to right are Wilson, Referee Jack O'Sullivan, Joe Humphreys and Greb

He was known as the "Windmill" because of his tireless energy and persistent aggressiveness in every round.

Greb's system was to get in close to an opponent and shower him with short arm punches to face and jaw until the recipient became weary and backed away. This was the signal for renewed pugnacity on Greb's part, who never seemed to tire.

Greb fought the best men in all classes from lightweight up to heavy, and it was no secret that he longed to enter the ring with one heavyweight champion, Jack Dempsey, and that he begged for a contest with Carpentier, at that time the heavyweight champion of Europe. Greb visited the training camp of Carpentier in Jersey while the latter was preparing for his match with Dempsey in 1921, and the Windmill, after watching Carp go through his paces, remarked: "Gee, I would like to get a match with that fellow."

But neither Dempsey nor Carpentier wanted anything to do with Greb. Dempsey declared Greb was too small and Carpentier merely declined the challenge.

As a matter of fact several heavies who took Greb on under the impression that he was a little chap had reason to regret the experiment. Gunboat Smith was one of the regretful cluster, he being put to sleep in the first round by the youthful Greb.

The Windmill put his peculiar style of milling on view originally in 1913, and he met disaster in one of the first contests in which he engaged. His opponent was Kid Graves, a rather clever welter, and Greb was hors du combat in the second round. But not from Graves' blows. Greb made a vicious swing at Graves his fist landing on the head in such a manner as to break the striker's arm. After the arm was thoroughly knitted Greb got busy and seemed to be fighting about twice a week. In 1916 he performed a unique feat. He engaged in the ring with four boxers each of whom carried the prefix of "Knockout" to his name. The bouts were all decisionless and each went the limit with the advantage to Greb. The first victim was "Knockout" Baker, six rounds; the second was "Knockout" Sweeney, a middleweight, six rounds; "Knockout" Brennan, a heavyweight, weighing close to 200 pounds and standing 6 feet 1 inch, ten rounds; and "Knockout" Brown, a middleweight, in six rounds.

Not one of the quartette of knockout experts even hit Greb hard enough to make him blink.

Greb turned in superior performances in 1918, when he shaded Soldier Bartfield twice, Gunboat Smith once, Jack Dillon, a noted light heavy once, Battling Levinsky once, and Mike McTigue once.

In 1919 Greb shaded Bill Brennan, heavy, twice, and Bartley Madden once.

In 1920 Greb knocked out Gunboat Smith in the first round.

In 1922, Greb met Tunney for the first time, and got the decision on points at the end of 15 rounds. And in 1923, he outpointed Tommy Loughran in 15 rounds.

But Tunney, who had more boxing skill than most of the other light heavyweights, and had (*Continued on page* 37)

CRADLES of BOXING

The Nineteenth of a Series of Articles on Famous Bouts in New England

By "DOC" ALMY
(*Boston's leading boxing authority*)

EARLY in July, 1868, there appeared in the *Sporting Times* of Boston, a near-contemporary of the old *Police News,* now extinct, the following cartel:

"A Pugilistic Challenge—George Seddons (known as Young Siddons), of Boston, challenges Gleason of Groveland, Mass., to fight him for any amount of money he sees fit to put up. If Gleason does not accept this offer, Seddons will fight Kelly, or Parkinson, of Philadelphia, at 112 pounds, or catch weight, as they may see fit. A match can be made by applying at Mr. James Keenan's place, North Street, Boston."

Thus indirectly comes into the annals of sport for the first time the name of the famous Jim Keenan, the Boston boniface, who years later was largely instrumental in raising the stake money for John L. Sullivan for his winning fight with Paddy Ryan for the American heavyweight championship. Also, it was through this Keenan that Billy Madden, once so prominent in pugilism, got his start; to him, Jake Kilrain, now living in Quincy, Mass., owed much.

Keenan's later sporting resort in Portland Street, long since replaced by a business structure, was in its day known throughout the country, while its proprietor, as the patron of John Teemer, Fred Plaisted and other noted professional oarsmen of their times, to say nothing of pugilists, runners and pedestrians, was in the public print for years and years.

* * *

THE life story of Jim Keenan is an epic in itself—an annal of sport as it once was—but to-day we are dealing with other matters, so it must remain in abeyance. It is sufficient here, as may be gained from the printed defiance of Seddons, that it was Keenan who was the first real manager of this fighter. That it was he who inspired and backed this man.

The crowd cheered Seddons in the fourth, in which he had the better of some hot fighting

This Seddons, first called to notice in the July issue of THE RING, in connection with his battle with Pete Dailey of Frisco and Portland, Me., fought near Swampscott, Mass., May 13, 1866, was born in Leicester, England, about 1847. He came to this country when a boy, taking to fisticuffs, finally found himself in the ring with Dave Barry, known as Barry the Kid. This muss was fought near Flushing, L. I., December 11, 1865, and resulted in a win for the British youngster in 24 rounds, lasting one hour, 11 minutes.

Keenan was present at this fight and saw possibilities in the victor. They talked, and as police action because of the fray seemed likely, Seddons was easily induced to come to Boston and make the North Street resort his headquarters. Next followed his contest with Dailey, from which the scrapper was forced to withdraw because of injuries after 65 rounds, lasting one hour, 53 minutes.

Affairs in the Big City finally having been adjusted, Seddons hied himself back to New York, and for months remained in retirement. Then came the challenge in his behalf issued by Keenan. It was picked up by the sporting press, and while neither Gleason nor Parkinson grabbed for the bait, it did interest Tommy Kelly.

This chap, who later on was to be recognized by many as the American featherweight champion, was a native of St. John, N. B. He was born on January 2, 1839, and about 1860 appeared in Philadelphia. There he found a job as a dispenser of suds in Ned Hastings' place, corner of Vine and Twelfth streets, a famous sporting resort in its day.

Considering his surroundings, it was not surprising that Kelly speedily warmed to the fight game. Early in 1865, Barney Aaron, then American lightweight champion, the second to wear that crown, visited Philadelphia, and, with Dooney Harris, staged a sparring exhibition in old Franklin Hall. Kelly gained the chance to show his wares in this affair, and in the course of the entertainment was pitted against Adam Erfort of Philadelphia.

As the latter weighed 165 pounds to Kelly's 124, it was agreed that he should "go easy," but instead he grabbed the chance to give Tommy a pounding. Kelly took it gamely. When it was all over, he challenged Erfort to meet him in a real fight with the raw 'uns, money up, and the defy was accepted. They collided two weeks later in the outskirts of the Quaker City, Kelly, seconded by Hastings and a chap known as "Oyster Jack," winning in 33 rounds in one hour, 15 minutes. The purse was $100.

* * *

THIS fight established Kelly with the sporty, and in March, 1866, he took on Harry McCort, known as "Buckshot" because of the way he threw his punches. The mill was staged near Nicetown, Pa., for a purse of $250. Though Kelly gave away 30 pounds, he won in 35 rounds, consuming one hour, 5 minutes. His next opponent was Billy Parkinson, a fairly recent arrival from England, the chap referred to in Seddons' challenge at the beginning of this story.

This scrap, March 19, 1867, was featured near Douglasville, Pa., for a purse of $1000. It turned out a record-breaker for its brevity. On the word, Kelly got a chancery on Parkinson and was giving him a beautiful macing when the British chap deliberately struck low. Parkinson was ruled out on the spot, the entire affair lasting but two minutes—one of the shortest prize-ring contests in all history.

Parkinson had to flee in ring attire to escape the violence of his backers as well as the followers of Kelly. However, a month later they were at it again, this time near Pottsville, Pa., for a purse of $600. Kelly lost in one hour, 25 minutes.

They had a third mêlée at Aquia Creek, Va., in 1867, this time for $1500. William E. Harding, one time sports editor of the *Police Gazette* of New York, was third man. The fighters went 27 rounds, lasting one hour, 20 minutes, with Kelly out in front. Then Parkinson again resorted to fouling tactics, hitting low and gouging his opponent's eyes. Referee

How James Keenan, Boston's Famous Sportsman, Backer of John L. Sullivan and Other Fistic Celebrities, Started His Career. The Great Fight Between George Seddons and Tom Kelly

Towards the end of the fight, Kelly became so weak that he fell every time Seddons landed a punch

Harding called the turn and awarded Kelly the victory on a foul. Seemingly, this should have settled the case, but when Harding got back to Gotham he announced, according to the press accounts of the time, that Parkinson was the real winner, all because Tom Allen, one of Kelly's seconds, had interfered with the bout. At least, so he contended.

* * *

WELL, there was a fine turmoil over this, also plenty of threatening and "knocking." The poor stakeholder had plenty of trouble on his hands. Though but one decision can justly be given in connection with one mill, as near as we can ascertain, this second decision went. Kelly, however, was the real winner.

However all this may be in the year 1932, when Seddons' challenge was issued in July, 1868, Ned Hastings, acting for Kelly, immediately accepted it. Seddons was offered the chance to fight Kelly for $100 a side half way between Boston and Philadelphia, but this was refused. Next Kelly decided to journey to Boston and see what he could do for himself. He came armed with a letter to John Woods, the same "Cocky" Woods frequently referred to in a number of the earlier stories in the series. Woods agreed to back Kelly for $1000, the weight to be 112 pounds. Seddons and Keenan didn't like this poundage. After much chatter and fooling around, it was finally settled that the men should come together on October 2, 1868, at catch weights, the money to be $1000 a side.

Kelly returned to the Quaker City to train for the fray, while Seddons placed himself under the care of James Walsh, then the proprietor of a sport resort near the old Fashion Course, Long Island. It was left for Keenan to select the battleground. He picked Smutty Nose Island, Isle of Shoals, off Portsmouth, N. H., where on October 2 of the previous year Rocky Moore and George Rooke had fought so gallantly. (See September issue of THE RING.)

As some bother arose in the perfecting of arrangements, the date for the contest was set back to October 8, which new fixture proved agreeable to all concerned. Two days ahead of time, Kelly and his backers took up quarters in Portsmouth, while Seddons pitched his tent with his patron in Boston. About midnight, October 7, the faithful began to assemble on Lewis Wharf, Boston, and on the payment of $5 per at the gangplank, were allowed to board a steamer which Keenan had engaged "for a night sail about Boston Harbor." It was some sail, all right, with plenty of booze, music, card-playing and dice-shooting to enliven the trip.

* * *

SIX o'clock, next morning, found the excursionists off the Isles of Shoals, and, in an hour's time, fishermen had landed the entire party. Kelly had arrived the night before and was found safely ensconsed in the small hotel on the Island of Appledore, immediately adjoining Smutty Nose. About 100 of his following, mostly from New York and Philadelphia, also were on hand. Tommy was not in very good fighting condition, however. The trip out to the island in a sailboat had been a rough one, and Kelly, no sailor, had been "sick as a horse," as the expression goes, all the way.

However, he had to go through with the fight—there was no way out of it. The spot where Moore and Rourke had fought was selected for the ring, and Sol Aaron, master of ceremonies, put up the stakes and ropes. At 9:45 Seddons shied his hat into the enclosure, following it immediately after. Five minutes later Kelly came inside the hemp, and crossing to Seddons' corner, shook hands with him.

"How are you, George?" was his greeting. They tossed for corner. The Bostonian won, and picked that with his back to the sun.

Butt Riley and Barney Aaron attended Seddons in his corner, with Joe Nolan and Joe South doing the same for Kelly. Thomas Nugent acted as umpire for the Boston pug, while Charles Hume officiated for his foe. Thomas Fenton was chosen as referee, "all without the usual wrangle," as the old-time account states.

There was some attempt at wagering between the fighters themselves, a custom which might well be revived, also considerable putting up of money outside the ropes. At this point Barney Aaron requested a hearing. "These boys came here," he said, "to settle this fight on their merits. We want no chaffing, blackguarding or insulting remarks to either man. We all are here to see the best man win. Let the fight begin."

Seddons had the better of the first round and Kelly was down when it ended. Tommy opened the second with a fine right-hand smash to Seddon's face, but got back a damager to his left eye. After a few more exchanges, they closed, and Seddons wrestled Kelly down. The latter was battered in the third and was again thrown.

Starting the fourth, Barney Aaron urged Seddons to finish his man, and he tried his best to do so. He had the better of some hot fighting and the round ended with Kelly down, he losing in the grappling. Blood began to flow from the faces of both in the fifth, but in a clinch both went down in Kelly's corner, Tommy underneath.

Kelly came back with a rally in the sixth, rocking Seddons with right swings to head. A slam to the midriff, however, doubled him up and he went down once more, thus ending the chapter. In the seventh it was Kelly who was the under man when it came to a grapple and fall.

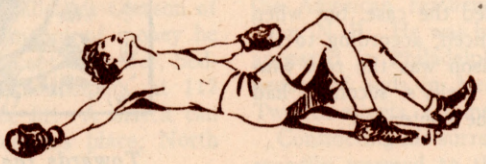
The eighth was about the same, with the Philadelphian on the grass at its conclusion.

In the ninth, though, Tommy again rallied and nearly toppled Seddons with one of his powerful rights to the head.

The mill strung itself out for 96 rounds, with Kelly getting the worst of it practically all the way. Toward the end of the bout, he got so weak that every time Seddons landed a punch he went to earth. In the 96th, Kelly's seconds tossed the sponge to save their man from being killed. The award, side money, etc., went to Seddons. For one hour, 39 minutes the match had raged. Seddons, the victor, took up a collection for his late foe, the amount received being about $100, all of which was much better than nothing. The great event over, all boarded the steamer for Boston, arriving back in The Hub about 10 o'clock that night, well satisfied with Keenan's "night sail about the harbor."

When Foreigners Ruled the Ring

By CHARLES F. MATHISON



THE American heavyweight crown adorned the heads of foreign-born fighters for the greater part of the time that the London rules were in force in the United States. In the interval following the retirement of Tom Hyer in 1854, due to the fact that none of the heavies then in this country, including John Morrissey, would meet the champion, a cluster of English and Irish heavyweight fighters invaded America.

Nearly all of them held the American title at one time or another. America's attitude in this respect differed from that of England, no one except a native born being permitted to hold a British boxing championship. The only known exception to this rule was made in the case of Peter Jackson, who was the acknowledged champion of England, Europe and Australia following his defeat of Paddy Slavin, claimant of the Australian title, in the National Sporting Club, London, May 30, 1892, the same year in which Corbett conquered Sullivan.

Jackson was born at St. Croix, West Indies, July 3, 1861, but went to Australia early in life and while there, developed into one of the greatest boxers of all time.

Jackson was regarded as a citizen of Australia, quite as much so as Fitzsimmons, who, although born in Wales, moved to Australia while a child and lived there until he had reached his 28th year. Jackson was regarded in England as a citizen of a British colony, and the fact that he defeated Jem Smith, British champion in 2 rounds on November 11, 1889, served to increase the popularity of the great Negro boxer.

Jackson was a quiet, well-mannered intelligent man, and he was the favorite with all Britons who took an interest in sports. England never permitted its titleholders to draw the color line, but there is no record of any other Negro holding a championship in England.

Although Jacob Hyer, the first American heavyweight champion, was born in New York State, and his son, Tom Hyer, who succeeded his father as titleholder, was also native born, those who followed in their championship footsteps came for the most part from across the Atlantic.

* * *

THE first man to get possession of the title after the formidable Tom Hyer had retired undefeated, was John Morrissey, who was born in Ireland, on February 5, 1831. He reached New York when a child and learned fighting in the hard school of the streets of this city.

Morrissey was physically undersized, standing 5 feet 8 1-2 inches tall, and weighing 170 pounds. He got the title in a fight with Yankee Sullivan, a native of Cork, as the result of an unjust decision by the referee at a time when Morrissey was severely beaten.

Morrissey defended the title against John C. Heenan on October 20, 1857, and won because Heenan hit a ring post in the first round and fractured his right fist. Heenan's challenge for a return battle was declined and Heenan took the crown by forfeit, the first instance of the kind in America. When Morrissey retired from the ring, he was elected to the United States Congress.

John C. Heenan, who was born at West Troy, New York, May 2, 1835, was the second native son to hold the American title. Finding no one to oppose him in America, Heenan went to England where he and Tom Sayers, British champion engaged in their historic draw. Heenan then fought Tom King and was drugged by his own seconds.

Joe Coburn, next holder of the American title, was born at Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland, July 20, 1835 and like all the other foreign-born champions, came to the United States in his youth and became a citizen of America. Coburn retired undefeated.

* * *

BILL DAVIS, next holder of the championship, was born in California, in 1831, making the fourth native born to get the honors. Davis was not a first-class heavy, and lost the title to Jim Dunn, of Brooklyn, in 43 rounds on May 16, 1865. Dunn was born in County Kildare, Ireland, October 4, 1842, and on arrival here at an early age, made Brooklyn his permanent home. On his retirement from the ring, Dunn entered the political arena, and attained considerable prominence.

Jimmy Elliott, who was born in County Athlone, Ireland, was a formidable boxer but never won the title because of unfair treatment in his battles with Dunn and others. Elliott was fatally shot by Jim Dunn in Chicago in 1883.

Mike McCoole, who held the title 1866 to 1869, was born in Ireland on March 12, 1843. McCoole was a strong, heavy-hitting chap with little science. He defeated Bill Davis of California and Aaron Jones of England. McCoole also won from Tom Allen on an alleged foul in their first battle, but was disposed of by Allen in seven rounds lasting twenty minutes.

When they met again, the contest took place near St. Louis, Mo., on September 23, 1873, and it was in this bout, that Allen solidified his claim to the title. Gallagher was the first Canadian to hold the American title.

Allen, who was born in Birmingham, England, in 1840 had his first bout with Gallagher on February 23, 1869. Gallagher knocked out Allen with a blow to the jugular in the second round, the contest lasting but 3 minutes. Allen scored the first knockdown ending the first round.

Gallagher and Allen fought again in the same year and the referee called it a draw, although Allen had decisively beaten Gallagher. The latter died of consumption. It was in the following year, 1870 that Allen, who laid claim to title following Gallagher's retirement, met Jem Mace, English champion in a bout for the world's title. Mace won and retired.

Allen held on to the American title till 1876, when Joe Goss, born in Northampton, England, November 5, 1838, won it on an alleged foul in the twenty-first round.

Paddy Ryan, who was born in Thurles County, Tipperary, Ireland, March 15, 1853, won the title from Goss on June 1, 1880. Ryan's defeat by Sullivan in 1882, practically ended the supremacy of foreign born fighters in this country, for Sullivan was born in Boston, and his conqueror, Corbett, first saw the light of day on the Pacific coast.

Fitzsimmons, a native of Cornwall, became an American citizen. Jeffries was born in California and while Tommy Burns was born at Hanovcer, Ont., Canada.

Jack Johnson, Willard, Dempsey and Tunney are all natives of America, but Schmeling is a German. Jack Sharkey, the present champion, was born at Binghamton, N. Y.

The Kalear Murder

(*Continued from page 7*)

reward of $1000 for information leading to the arrest of the murderer. We will promise absolute secrecy, and protection for the informant."

No sooner was the offer broadcast in the newspapers than fifty-six persons reported at Police Headquarters with all sorts of "information." It developed that only two of these had been in the Arena during the murder. And when they were quizzed it developed that they had spent the evening in the lobby, and had not even seen the fight.

On the seventeenth day a bum gave himself up to the police at Salina, Kansas. "I did it," he moaned. The Salina cops informed New York they had the man.

On being questioned the bum admitted that on the night of the murder he was at a slumgullion festival in a lot on the outskirts of Ogden, Utah.

ON the thirty-first day after the murder of Kalear the Grand Jury indicted Pasquale Palozini, a member of the McCoole entourage, who admitted that he had attended the fight in the Arena and who further admitted that he had had a gun on him.

When the gun was examined by the police after a quick arrest, it lacked one bullet. It was a forty-five Colt, and the missing bullet was of the type that had killed Kalear.

Palozini admitted that he had threatened Kalear after the champion's refusal to give the fallen title holder a return match, the District Attorney and the police weaved a web of circumstance which fastened itself about the indicted man perfectly.

"Kalear Murder Solved," clarioned the newspapers.

Two days later a little man with a comic face asked to see the District Attorney.

"I am Sam Skillen, bricklayer by trade," the newcomer said.

"I used to be a fighter. I was in the ring for seven years, fought the champion, never made a poor bout, and never got more than $300 for any fight.

"Well, I go to the Arena for all the scraps and they get worse and worse. Ham and eggers, phonies, palookas—some of them called champions.

"Well, I finally swear off. But I says to myself, this Kalear guy will put up a fight. So I pay five bucks and go to the Arena. I saw you there, D.A. You left in the fifth round.

"Well, I watched that phoney until I could not restrain myself any longer. I got sore, and I said, 'Let the punk have it, but don't do anything but hurt him.' That will be a warning for the fakers. Well, D.A., my aim was poor. I killed the poor bum. I'm sorry."

* * *

THEY tried him before a jury of his peers. Twelve men, nine of whom had paid to see the fight.

Sam Skillen was acquitted. "Justifiable homicide," the verdict read.

The Game Warrior

(*Continued from page 3*)

American made no attempt to stop it. The glove landed with terrible force, flush on the mouth and almost knocked Walker into a tail-spin.

Schmeling sensed the kill. He is an expert hunter and he knew he had his man. Methodically, he set about to end the affair. Herr Max saw that he had potted his prey and he went right after him.

He measured Mickey with his left, then shot out his right and dropped Walker in a heap. Mickey, blindly groping, pulled himself to his feet at the count of six to meet the German's charge. Max came at him and caught him with a right to the jaw that sent Walker across the ring, his face a mass of blood, partially turned from the enemy.

Schmeling knew no quarter then. He was at his man like a hungry tiger. A left and a right to the jaw and down went Mickey again for a count of nine. It was courage alone that kept him from remaining down. His great fighting heart was still with him. He instinctively arose and fought back viciously despite Schmeling's plea to have the referee stop the fight.

Walker looked like a butchered warrior. The sight was sickening. The claret spurted from mouth, nose and lips, and one eye was closed, yet Walker arose to meet the final charge of his opponent.

The bell sounded. A weary, half-blinded American lad who had previously held the welter and middleweight crowns, was through in his quest for the heavyweight title. He walked, dazed to his chair. Doc Kearns, his manager, took one peep at his charge and decided he would not permit him to go out to the slaughter again. There is no doubt that Mickey would have answered the call of the bell for the ninth round, but Kearns humanly prevented that.

The good little man had lost to the good big man and there will be many another ring stalwart, big and small, who will go the same way that Walker did, when he faces Schmeling in the ring.

Walker has proved that he can stand up under punishment, but the fans are not eager to see a gamester like Mickey take the kind of punishment he received at the hands of Schmeling. If he must meet heavyweights, then he should stick to the boys who lack the punch of a Schmeling and who possess less of the killer instinct.

Mickey's praises have been sung. He deserves all the nice things that have been said about him. He put up a great fight. He and his conqueror should be congratulated for stirring up new interest in the fight game. A few more such honest battles as the Milk Fund contest would soon pull boxing out of the red and bring back happy days of prosperity.

Unlike the fight between Dempsey and Willard in which Jess failed to come out for the fourth round after the bell had sounded following the minute's rest, Walker still had 28 seconds to go before the minute's rest period would have ended, and therefore the Schmeling victory will go down into the record books officially as a knockout in the eighth round. Walker's case is different from that of Willard, who by remaining in his seat until after the gong for the fourth round had sounded, lost the fight by a knockout in the fourth.

GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THE opening of the season at Jeff Dickson's Salle Wagram arena attracted an attendance that packed the place. The main attraction was a ten round flyweight contest between Young Perez, who lifted the championship from Frankie Genaro, and the Spanish champion Jose Arilla, with Perez the winner.

In a dual boxing meeting between French and Italian boxers which was held in the Central Sporting Club, Paris, out of six bouts contested at different weights, the French boxers won four of same and the Italians two.

Gustave Roth of Belgium, the European welterweight champion, defeated Rene Devos also of Belgium, the champion middle-weight, in a ten round bout in Brussels.

Johnny Curtin of Dayton, Ohio, the welterweight has been signed up by Jeff Dickson to meet the French welterweight Alf. Berry. Curtin came over to Europe at his own expense, unlike other American boxers who are sending begging letters asking for matches and expenses to box. As I have previously stated the days of travelling expenses to American fighters by European promoters are a thing of the past. And there are no more guarantees either.

I would not advise any boxers to leave the States for Europe this season. In Paris there will be few dates for boxing at the Palais des Sports. Hockey and general skating pays big there and with the exception of a few top notch matches, there will be little doing in the boxing line in the huge arena.

Jackie Fields with his missus spent a few days in Paris before going to Switzerland to consult a noted eye specialist, on behalf of himself. Before returning to America, he might take on a match against some European under Jeff Dickson's promotion in Paris or London.

There are very few good welterweights in Europe at the present time, and it would be a hard matter digging up a suitable opponent for Jackie if he should decide to engage in a bout.

Although negro boxers are not encouraged to any great extent in Europe, Larry Gains, the Canadian heavyweight, is one great favorite. Also Al Brown.

Tiger Defer defeated Spoldi in the supporting bout to the Young Perez-Jose Arilla contest. In the preliminaries, bantamweights Hernandes and Bacheliar went to a six round draw. Featherweight Tassart defeated Faure on points, and welterweights Batonnet and Preys, went to a six round draw.

Rene Devos the Belgian has had his challenge to the European champion Igniccio Ara of Spain accepted for a title match, which will be decided after the first of the year.

Jose Arilla, the Spanish flyweight champion, met Maurice Huguenin the French "fly" in a ten rounder at the Salle Wagram. After ten smashing rounds, Arilla appeared to have won, but the officials called a draw.

Young Perez was knocked out in the middle of the second round by Mickey McGuire at Manchester, England. The manager of the French champion, after the bout, claimed that Perez slipped and that his head hit the floor so hard he was counted out. The fact is that a left hook from the padded fist of Mickey was accountable for the knockout. The weight fought at was two pounds over the "fly" limit which permitted Perez to hold on to the title which he won from Genaro.

Frankie Genaro is back in France. He will shortly be seen the in ring again.

Raoul Bianchi, the Argentine heavyweight who appeared on several occasions in New York, is now in Paris and he has been doing quite well. He won his first three fights at the Central Sporting Club. He has been signed up by Jeff Dickson for fights in London and Paris.

Cleto Locatelli, the Italian European champion lightweight is popular in France.

Wrestling was given a try-out at the Salle Wagram by Jeff Dickson and it went over big. Hundreds were turned away. It was the modernized style of the game and it sure went over with a bang.

The Japs in Wrestling

(*Continued from page* 15)

their brother wrestlers. Rather they rely entirely on speed and agility.

It is probably a good thing that ju-jitsu is kept secret to some extent and that the science requires such a fine knowledge of anatomy and the nerve system. If it were not for those essentials, there would no doubt be a great deal of damage done to each other by boys and young men. As it is, ju-jitsu is far too intricate for the average fellow to learn.

The cases of Taro and Oke are probably the most remarkable in the fact that they have so quickly adapted themselves to the American style of wrestling. It has not been an easy task and has required much practice and a very agile brain. It undoubtedly has been a great temptation to them in all of their matches to use some of the holds which they well know and yet which are not allowed. It is a great tribute to their brains and ability that they have so well learned new holds.

In the case of Taro, perhaps his greatest publicity has come from the adoption by Sun Jennings the Indian wrestler, of one of the holds employed by the cunning Jap. The hold has been passed upon and approved and it is a further tribute to Taro that he has not been warned or disbarred in any of his matches. It has been given the "O. K."

The "Japanese Nerve Lock" as applied by Taro and Sun Jennings has proved efficient and a rather neat trick, but as yet, neither has been able to apply the hold when pitted against the leaders of the wrestling game. Sun Jennings went along at a lovely pace using the hold to pile up a string of victories until he ran against Jim Londos in a return match. Not once could he clamp this hold upon the wily Greek.

Scanning the record of Taro, we really find that irrespective of his ability as ju-jitsu expert, he has not done so badly. Within the year Miyaki has mixed with some of the best wrestlers in this country and although he has often lost, yet he put up a stiff battle in each match. The times of the falls will testify to that.

Recently he went to a thirty-minute draw with George Hagen, who has mingled for many years with the cream of the wrestling game and in fact once broke George Calza's leg. Shikat, Londos and the other big stars have all tangled arms and legs with Hagen.

Sam Stein, recognized Jewish Champion, had no easy time in defeating the Jap. In fact, it required twenty-three minutes and forty-three seconds to subdue Taro.

Dr. Ralph Wilson, who deserted the medical profession and a handsome income purely for the love of the wrestling game, has passed through his novitiate period and is well established as one of the leading contenders, and this fast and elusive collegian required twenty-six minutes and forty-one seconds to conquer Miyaki.

Our old friend, Renato Gardini, also found it difficult to brush aside the moderately built, slippery and fiery wrestler from far away Japan.

In the case of Oke, he is barely out of his teens and is not yet ready for the big game, but held Rudy Dusek to a draw.

We will watch with eager eyes to see how this ex-ju-jitsu advocate will fare against the world's best, the American grapplers, this fall and winter.

One of the greatest ju-jitsu wrestlers in the world of other than Japanese birth, was Professor Will Bingham, who, years ago, held the world's middleweight catch-as-catch-can championship. He was an instructor of ju-jitsu and in public exhibitions, often downed the Jap experts who were here on a tour of the country. Will Bingham is an Englishman who learned the science of jiu-jitsu when a boy and was frequently called upon by New York Police Department to exhibit his skill at the Police Academy.

When Grandpa Was a Kid

(*Continued from page* 17)

This knocked the wind out of Bilson, and he failed to come to time. Foul was claimed four times on Bilson, but the referee saw no reason to allow it. Bilson was carried from the stage to his home in a carriage. He was terribly punished. Clifford was also badly punished. The police watched the mill to the close without interfering. The floor of the stage was made of rough planks and boards, and the numerous heavy falls sustained by each man had the effect of converting the exposed portion of their bodies into bruised masses."

And now we come to the last of our drawings of the month. It is captioned "She Cleaned Out Daly's Place."

Now, there was a woman! A genuine Amazon! Daly's Place, let us hasten to explain, was a saloon kept by a fighter in St. Louis. The dame who is busy cleaning it out for Daly is Stella Cook, a feminine pugilist. She wears a pair of skin tight gloves and appears to have done a complete job on No. 1, who lies in a flood of beer, we take it, under the bar ledge.

Daly, it seems, stands at the bar with a bottle in hand, ready to catch the Cook dame on the conk at the first opportune moment. As she is about to administer the coup de grace to No. 2, the cops arrive. What cute cops they had in those days, with nice little mustaches and beards, and those ten gallon helmets. And who is the guy behind the cop—the bloke in the topper with a complete set of lace under his chin? Maybe the local reformer, what?

At any rate, Hector, it is all very touching, this demonstration of feminine robustiousness and aggressiveness in a St. Louis saloon of the day when Grandpa was a kid! Talk about your thrills Hector, what could be more exciting!

Dutch Sam's Downfall

(*Continued from page* 25)

slugged him there till the dazed and distressed Dutchman was glad to go down anyhow.

In the next round Nosworthy knocked Sam down with a clean right to the chest, and it was evident that the mighty Dutchman Sam had set, the baker kept on his winning stride, when Sam's backers, terrified at the prospect of losing their money, broke into the ring, and there ensued a scene of the wildest confusion. Sam, strange to say, was still so confident of winning out that he refused to go on until he ring was cleared, though the breaking nto the ring gave him an option of declaring it a draw.

With whips and sticks the ring keepers set at work to repel the invaders, but it took them 15 minutes to clear the arena. The rest might have benefited Sam, but whether it did or not, however, did not matter, for Nosworthy never gave him another chance, but attacked with such force that the worn-out, misguided veteran was knocked out of time after 50 minutes' fighting.

Sam's defeat was a terrible blow to his backers. Upwards of $100,000 changed hands, and yet there was not much surprise in the fact that a young athlete, vigorous, well trained and a good boxer to boot, should have thrashed a man 13 years older than himself, with a constitution worn out by drink and dissipation; a man, too, who had absolutely refused to train for even an hour.

Sam never got over his defeat. It broke his heart. He drank more recklessly than ever before and died a little more than a year later in the London hospital.

He lived, however, long enough to see his conqueror badly beaten and disgraced by a moderate pugilist, Jack Scroggins. And Nosworthy, strange to say, only survived Dutch Sam by three months. He died as the famous Hebrew had died, from the fatal effects of too much gin guzzling.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 19)

who top him. The only way that Schaaf can make the grade, I predict, is to buy his contract from both Sharkey and Buckley, his present managers, and place himself under the wing of Jack Kearns. With Kearns as his mentor, Ernie would soon be where the fight fans and his admirers feel he belongs.

AS for McLarnin, an injured hand that caused an extended lay-off, was responsible for his poor showing in his only outdoor appearance at the Yankee Stadium. His failure to draw the fans as he has in the past, was due to the uncertainty of his condition. The fight fan of to-day is no longer the sap he was a year or two ago. His money means more to him now than then and the only way he'll consent to be relieved of that hard earned cash is when he knows definitely that he will be given 100 per cent for his contribution.

That was more conclusively proved in the so-called "battles" in which Benny Leonard engaged last summer. When he started his comeback, an overflow gathering appeared to give him a rousing send-off. But when it became apparent after each fight that the only boys he would consent to meet were those who would be willing to play with him, the crowds began to diminish. It was evident to the trained fistic eye that most of Leonard's opponents were not even trying to muss his hair much less to hurt him, and as a result the fans decided to let Benny reap all the enjoyment while they read about it in the papers. As for the recent Leonard-McLarnin fight, which took place after this issue went to press, I shall discuss that in the next issue.

The two biggest magnets among the smaller fellows, Tony Canzoneri and Billy Petrolle, unfortunately were kept on the sidelines, but through no fault of their own. When Petrolle injured his hand, he put both himself and Canzoneri on the shelf, and killed what would have resulted in a most profitable match. The uncertainty of Petrolle's physical condition lasted just long enough to keep Canzoneri from defending his crown in an outdoor engagement, a bout that would have received the hearty support of the public.

In addition to that unfortunate affair, the promoters found that several of their aces, men who were depended upon to save the outdoor season from ending in a flop, failed to live up to expectations so far as their drawing power was concerned. There was Kid Chocolate, Jackie Kid Berg, King Levinsky and Steve Hamas. Kid Chocolate was the most active of this lot, but he didn't get as much out of seven fights last summer as he did for one of his indoor shots at the Garden a year ago.

However, the fact that these boys have kept in trim and are in fine condition for the fall and winter augurs well for the indoor season. With them as a nucleus, and the newcomers who made their mark during the summer to add to the list of available good talent, promoters, as told elsewhere in this issue, should be able to get the solid support of the fans.

Current Wrestling Gossip

(Continued from page 13)

tions of New England, on the other hand, the game is still going strong. Al Caroly did well during the summer at the Walnut Beach Stadium of Milford, Conn. Among the stars who made their appearance in the Nutmeg State during the hot spell were Rudy Marshall, Tony Travers, Eddie Conley, Horatio Dilha, Phil Baker, and Doc Wilson, all good drawing cards in New England.

* * *

Si Ginsberg, Philadelphia wrestling judge, says that he is now convinced that the mat sport is tame compared to baseball. As a result of being hit with a bat during a ball game, Ginsburg was in a hospital for almost a month.

* * *

Another veteran boxer who has switched from the promotion of fisticuffs to wrestling is Al Delmont, former New England featherweight king. Delmont promoted grappling tourneys at Williams' Tavern Arena, Marlboro, Mass., and did well during the summer.

* * *

Ivan Zirkoff, who has been performing with success on the Pacific Coast for the past ten years, has joined the Curley-Mondt-Miller-Pfeffer combine and will be seen in action here this winter. Zirkoff was born in Agram, Australia, and is a relative of the last prime minister of Czecho-Slovakia.

* * *

Pete Mehringer, 1932 Olympic wrestling champion at 191 pounds, has turned professional. Mehringer, University of Kansas football player, was an outstanding guard in the Bix Six conference last year.

The Human Windmill

(Continued from page 31)

improved considerably, outpointed Greb on February 23, 1923, in a bout for the light heavyweight championship.

Greb then set his hopes on winning the middleweight championship, then held by Johnny Wilson, of Boston. The Pittsburgher easily outpointed Wilson and gained the middleweight crown. Greb gave Wilson a return match for the title in 1924 and again won handily on points.

In 1926, shortly before his death, Greb lost the middleweight title to Tiger Flowers, February 23, being the date and New York the place. On August 19, 1926, Greb gave Flowers a return match and was again beaten.

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How Much of It Is Luck?

(Continued from page 9)

purses, in those early days, that amounted to more than two or three hundred dollars, he managed to keep them all busy and to pile up a fortune. It used to be told by Leo, with relish, that in one night eleven of his gladiators were knocked out in eleven different cities.

Later, of course, when his managerial acumen became generally recognized, Flynn had several top-liners, like Dave Shade. Leo never managed a champion, but it was not his fault. The closest he came to having a champion under his banner was the night Shade overwhelmingly outpointed Mickey Walker in their joust for the welterweight crown, only to have the officials give the verdict to Walker. That decision was so bad that it still is held up as a model of everything a decision should not be. Leo also came close when he handled Dempsey for the Manassa Mauler's second fight with Tunney.

A Game New Yorker

(Continued from page 21)

a little fool, I got frisky and tried a new right-hand punch that I was trying to develop.

"Terry McGovern was the last person in the world to practise anything new on. He was faster than chain lightning. He just naturally beat me to the punch. At least, that is what they told me when my muddled brain cleared. I wasn't knocked out. I was on my feet, but the referee stopped the bout. I always regretted that I never fought him again. I would have won.

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IN OUR QUESTION BOX

Marvin Thompson, Boston, Mass.

Q.—How can I increase my height?

A.—By stretching exercises. Stand on floor against a door. Raise as high as you can on your toes and stretch your body while holding your hands over the head. Make a mark on the door and try to touch this twelve times with the finger tips. Do this exercise six times daily for a month. Also get on your back and with toes pointed straight out and hands over the head, stretch the body as far as you can. Do this twelve times, about six times a day.

Harold Banty, Cleveland, Ohio.

Q.—Were there other good Negro lightweight fighters besides Gans in the latter's days?

A.—The best were Bobby Dobbs, Jerry Marshall, Jack Blackburn, Sam Bolen and Dave Holly, all of whom were whipped by Gans.

Marty Sommers, Plainfield, N. J.

Q.—I would like to become a second. How can I get a license and how can I learn the trade, if that is what you call it?

A.—Apply to the boxing commission of your state at Trenton, N. J. Study "How to Second a Boxer" then practice in a gym. You won't get a license unless you can prove to the commission that you are qualified.

Margaret Reilly, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Is it true that Dempsey is of Irish and Scotch descent?

A.—Yes. He is of Irish, Scotch, Indian, and Jewish ancestry. You'll find an interesting chapter in "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana," on this. His father, Hiram, came from hardy Irish stock. His mother, Celia Smoot, came from the famous Smoot clan of Utah. She followed the blood lines of the Scotch and Irish of her father's side and the Cherokee Indian of this country, on the mother's. Her mother was a half Indian. Dempsey's great, great grandfather, a Virginia pioneer of the Revolutionary period, was a Jewish pack peddler, named Abraham Levy. There's a combination for you, Margaret! No wonder Jack was a fighting demon in the ring!

Charles Talbot, St. Paul, Minn.

Q.—Are all courses in physical development good?

A.—That depends. Some are good and some aren't worth a grain of salt.

Martin Flaherty, Freeport, L. I.

Q.—Is Hackenschmidt still alive?

A.—Yes. He is living in southern France, in the Riviera, where he has just completed a book on philosophy.

Hank Farrell, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—What has become of John L. (Ike) Dorgan, who used to write for THE RING?

A.—Old Sobersides is still around. He is in New York but is taking things easy. Golf is Ike's specialty now.

P. C. Hurley, Kansas City

Q.—I am bothered with an uneven development of the pectoral muscles. The muscle on the left side of my chest is larger than that on the right. What exercises can I take to remedy this, ones on which I do not have to put too much of a strain on my right arm, however, as it is already larger than the left.

A.—Your condition is a difficult one to solve because of the greater length of the right arm and the fact that you cannot take too strenuous exercise. However, here are a few things you can do.

Stand at attention with arms outstretched, horizontal to the ground. Throw your right arm overhead and your left closer to your side while you stretch. Keep the right hand as far upward as you can get it, then get back into position. Do this often during the day.

Taking the same position, raise the right arm over the head with the biceps as close to the ear as possible, and bend from the waist sideways to the left until the finger tips of the left hand touch the ground. Get back into position. Do this often during the day.

Chin the bar with the right hand only. This, of course, would increase the length of the right arm if done often, but would also tend to increase the pectoral muscles on the right side of the chest.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

Thomas Warburton, New Orleans, La.

Q.—What book gives the best information on the science of boxing?

A.—Jim Corbett's Scientific Boxing was an excellent book, but it is now out of print. Jem Driscoll's Text Book of Boxing and Burns' Science of Boxing are also very good. Nat Fleischer, whose wonderful books have had an extraordinary sale, has prepared a new book called, The Revised Edition of "How to Box," third edition, which is a corker. It has many new features, with additional photographs and information never before published in any book.

Nell Foster, Wisconsin

Q.—Recently you said that you do not approve of women wrestlers or women boxers. Why? I don't see why you say that wrestling and boxing are too strenuous for women?

A.—Because these sports are far from being gentle ones. Would you like to see a woman with a cauliflower ear, or a mashed nose, or a broken nose? I wouldn't. I know that there are a number of women wrestlers and boxers, but a woman who appears in public in such sport degrades herself.

Q.—Why don't you organize a woman's department?

A.—I don't think there is any need for same. The RING has a total of 171 women subscribers, but I don't think that the majority would favor your suggestion of seeing women wrestle and box in public. No Nell, I love the women and therefore hate to see them lose their greatest attraction—charm.

Ant. Zamp, N. J.

Q.—Where could I obtain pictures of boxers and wrestlers?

A.—The Ring Photo shop sells beautiful pictures of current and past masters, size 8 by 10 inches, on heavy glossy paper, for $1.00 each or twelve for $10. Ideal for a fighter's den, a pool room, billiard parlor or club house.

Q.—I'm 17 years old and am 5 feet 6½ inches tall, weigh 138 pounds. Am I physically fit for boxing. What books should I get to study boxing?

A.—You will grow until you are 21 years old. You'll probably be about 155 pounds. The greatest books for you to study are Training for Boxers, How to Box, Blocking and Hitting and the Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. Get them from the Ring Book Shop.

Q.—How can I develop my arms and chest more fully?

A.—To develop your arms and chest you must practice chinning the bar, work on the parallel bars and also the push-up exercise.

Q.—How can I avoid being muscle bound?

A.—There is no such thing as the muscles being really bound up. The term is applied when your muscles are tensed even when you are in a relaxed state—muscles that simply cannot be controlled to contractions and extensions.

Q.—Will chinning the bar increase my reach?

A.—Yes. Both increase reach and height.

G. C. T. Franklin, N. H.

Q.—Are there any records of women engaging in boxing bouts, either officially or unofficially. To settle a bet, kindly tell me where I can find full descriptions of any such bout or bouts.

A.—We have no record of any women engaged in fistic combat.

Q.—How old must I be to become an amateur? Where can I join the amateur ranks in Des Moines. How old was Tony Canzoneri when he turned professional.

A.—Sixteen years of age. Any athletic organization in the city. Fifteen years old.

Zenichi Fukaya, Tokyo, Japan

Q.—How long did Jack Dempsey rule as world's champion? What is his age? They say that he will visit Japan on his exhibition tour. Is it true? Fighting Yaba, Filipino pugilist, is here. Is he an international star?

A.—Seven years. 34. There is a chance that Dempsey will make a world-wide tour. Yaba is not known in this country.

Q.—Who are the three most scientific wrestlers today, in order?

A.—Shikat, Londos, Steele.

Q.—How many days must a boxer run on the road while training for a six round bout?

A.—Get a book on "Training for Boxers". It will give you every necessary detail in regards to training.

Q.—Who is the youngest titleholder to ever hold a world's championship?

A.—Tony Canzoneri was only 18 years old when he was the featherweight champion.

Jack Mayfair, Montreal, Canada

Q.—Name the twenty leading wrestlers of the present time without consideration to the group to which they belong.

A.—Jack, I guess ten will do as anyone after the tenth is as good as his neighbor. Londos, Shikat, Steele, Sherry, Steinke, Dusek, McMillen, Strangler Lewis, Sonnenberg, De Glane.

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A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

STARTING with the November issue, we will eliminate both the junior-lightweight and junior-welterweight rankings in each issue of THE RING to conform with the ruling instigated by the N. B. A. In the future there will be only eight classes.

Max Baer established himself solidly in the heavyweight ranks last month through his decisive victory over Ernie Schaaf and it is hoped that Baer will continue the good work and revive the interest in the heavyweight class which needs plenty of bolstering. Johnny Risko, another veteran marvel, is fighting brilliantly. He turned in a good victory over King Levinsky. Levinsky kayoed Angus Snyder in three rounds. Maxey Rosenbloom engaged in a draw with Bob Godwin. He is the outstanding light-heavyweight, the N. B. A. notwithstanding.

Joe Knight kayoed George Courtney in five rounds and Bob Tow in four. Al Gainer scored over Bob Olin. Ham Jenkins kayoed Jack Dillon in three rounds and defeated Al Webster. Harry Ebbets trimmed Cowboy Frank Willis, while Frank drew with Cowboy Jack Willis. Jimmy Hannah kayoed Frankie Drake in two rounds. Maxie Pink disposed of Andy Mellon in four.

Vince Dundee headed the middleweights in action by winning from Billy Angelo and Tiger Sullivan. Sullivan kayoed Eddie Moore in two rounds while Angelo was also beaten by Young Ketchell. Frank Battaglia disposed of Roy Williams in three rounds. Sammy Slaughter whipped Allen Matthews and kayoed Jess Akers in three heats. Gorilla Jones scored over Kid Leonard. Marty Sampson whipped Larry Marinucci.

Ad Zackow kayoed Irish Tommy Jordan in the second. Frank Goosby disposed of Jack Wilson in six rounds. Vincent Hambright kayoed Jack Ganon in eight rounds but lost to Jack Rosenberg. Al Rossi scored over Joe Gorman. Norman Conrad scored over Bob Jasse. Jack Kilbourne kayoed Billy Tosk in four rounds and defeated Danny Devlin. Paul Pirrone flattened the Alabama Kid.

Lou Brouillard maintained his lead in the welterweight class by defeating Ad Zackow. Teddy Yarosz whipped Jimmy Belmont. Eddie Kid Wolfe scored over Ray Kiser. Freddy Steele won from Billy Townsend and David Velasco. Paulie Walker disposed of Bucky Lawless in the sixth round. Eddie Holmes whipped Battling Battalino. Frankie Petrolle defeated Stanislas Loayza. Gaston Le Cadre defeated Claude Capley. Jack King won over Solly Dukelsky.

Cerefino Garcia scored over Tommy King. Andy Di Vodi kayoed Dave Griffith in three rounds. Wildcat O'Connor scored over Young Firpo. Lope Tenorio was beaten by Harry Wallach and Jack Sharkey. Tiger Roy Smith won over Jackie Brady.

Benny Bass, starting a new life in the lightweight ranks, defeated Tony Falco and Young Patsy Wallace. Barney Ross, brilliant Chicago youngster, whipped Ray Miller and kayoed Frankie Petrolle in two rounds. Prince Saunders drew with Tracey Cox and whipped Danny Delmont. Andy Callahan defeated Harry Dublinsky and kayoed Young Lefty in one. Steve Haliako scored over Johnny Farr and kayoed Tommy Rawson in 5 rounds. Eddie Cool whipped Joey Costa. Pancho Villa won over Louis Kid Kaplan. Mickey Cohen won from Eddie Mack and lost to Hershie Wilson. Cecil Payne scored over Mike Dundee. Wesley Ramey whipped one Mosher. Jack Portney scored over Wildcat O'Connor and Jimmy Reed. Tommy Grogan drew with Lew Terry.

Kid Chocolate takes ranking position in the featherweight class. During the month he whipped Steve Smith, Frankie Fariello and stopped Frankie Marchese in four rounds. Lew Feldman gained added prestige by whipping Tommy Paul. Fidel La Barba kayoed Vincente Venturillo in the tenth round. Albert Ladou defeated Johnny Pena but was beaten by Joe Ghnouly. Johnny Datto kayoed Charley Baxter in four rounds and won from Jimmy Dean.

Frankie Wallace drew with Freddy Miller but was kayoed by Paul Dazzo in the fourth round.

Al Brown showed his mastery in the bantamweight class by putting Emile Pladner away in the first round. Speedy Dado defeated Pedro Villaneuva. Pete Sanstol scored over Petey Hayes and drew with Eddie Bowling. Baby Arizmendi trounced Tommy Paul in Mexico. Eugene Huat won the verdict over Pete de Grasse twice. Cris Pineda won from Clever Sison but lost to Pablo Dano.

Lew Farber kayoed Denasso Ceda. Bobby Leitham whipped Willie Davies. Jimmy Thomas scored over Art Giroux. Frankie Wolfram defeated Britt Gorman.

Babe Triscaro, classy flyweight, whipped Ross Fields, a good bantamweight and kayoed Louis Papipenaro in one round. Young Perez whipped Jose Arilla but was kayoed by Mickey McGuire in two rounds. Arilla drew with Maurice Huguenin.

The ten best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Felix Ignacio, Morristown, N. J.
Bantamweight—Frankie Wolfram, Winnepeg, Canada.
Featherweight—Mike Belloise, New York City.
Lightweight — Petey Gulotta, Brooklyn.
Welterweight—Johnny Consiglio, New York City.
Middleweight—Donald Moy, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Light-Heavyweight—Frankie Ryan, Huntington, W. Va.
Heavyweight—Tiger Jack Fox, Indianapolis Ind.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

The following are my ratings for the month ending September 23:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jack Sharkey	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jackie Fields
1—Max Schmeling	Bob Godwin	Vince Dundee	Lou Brouillard
2—Max Baer	Billy Jones	Frank Battaglia	Young Corbett
3—Stanley Poreda	Joe Knight	Sammy Slaughter	Johnny Indrisano
4—Johnny Risko	Al Gainer	Dave Shade	Teddy Yarosz
5—Mickey Walker	Adolph Heuser	Gorilla Jones	Jimmy McLarnin
6—Ernie Schaaf	Lew Scozza	Ben Jeby	Eddie Kid Wolfe
7—Larry Gains	Ham Jenkins	Young Terry	King Tut
8—Primo Carnera	Harry Ebbets	Marty Sampson	Freddy Steele
9—King Levinsky	George Nichols	Ad Zackow	Jimmy Phillips
10—Tommy Loughran	Bob Olin	Norman Conrad	Paulie Walker

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Johnny Jadick	Kid Chocolate	Speedy Dado	Midget Wolgast
2—Billy Petrolle	Lew Feldman	Baby Arizmendi	Little Pancho
3—Sammy Fuller	Fidel La Barba	Pete Sanstol	Mickey McGuire
4—Lew Massey	Nel Tarleton	Newsboy Brown	Babe Triscaro
5—Benny Bass	Albert Ladou	Young Tommy	Young Perez
6—Barney Ross	Kid Francis	Emile Pladner	Jackie Brown
7—Prince Saunders	Eddie Shea	Eugene Huat	Phil Tobias
8—Tracey Cox	Johnny Datto	Mose Butch	Valentin Anglemann
9—Wesley Ramey	Miki Gelb	Ross Fields	Jose Arilla
10—Andy Callahan	Paul Dazzo	Bobby Leitham	Maurice Huguenin

promising southern light-heavyweight. Al Brown showed his mastery in the bantamweight division by scoring a one-round knockout over Emile Pladner in Montreal. Brown stands out alone in the 118-pound class and is qualified to clash with any featherweight in the game. Young Perez, who holds the N. B. A. flyweight crown, was kayoed by Mickey McGuire, promising English flyweight.

Starting with the heavyweight group the feature of last month's fisticuffs was Baer's clean cut win over Schaaf and next to that, stood Johnny Risko's triumph over King Levinsky. In another triumphant bout, Primo Carnera won over Art Lasky. Charley Belanger, now in the heavyweight ranks, whipped Lew Scozza, a ranking light-heavyweight. Walter Cobb disposed of Jack Sigmore in five rounds but was kayoed by Unknown Winston in the second.

Leroy Haynes kayoed Kenneth Lee in three rounds and defeated Paul Swiderski. Les Kennedy scored over Baxter Calmes. Eddie Simms, coming heavyweight from Cleveland, kayoed Angus Snyder in one round. Marty Fox disposed of Mike Sankovich in the first session. Jose Santa disposed of Lucky Harris in two sessions. K. O. Christner knocked out Russ Rowsey in one heat. Dewey Kimrey kayoed George Gemas in four rounds and Red Boyette finished Nick Palmer in six rounds. Tony Galento kayoed Pedro Lopez in one round and John Henry Lewis whipped Jimmy Braddock.

Maxey Rosenbloom continues to hold sway in the light-heavyweight division. He whipped Jim Herman and battled to a draw with Bob Godwin.

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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

FIFTEEN boxing shows in Chicago last summer drew 39,289 persons. Gross receipts were $77,574.08. The state treasury received 10 per cent of that amount, $7,757.40. Thirteen of the shows were held outdoors. The other two were presented at the Chicago Stadium, world's largest indoor arena.

The second bout between Billy Petrolle and Bat Battalino drew 10,950 at the Stadium May 20. Receipts were $32,376.95, the record for the outdoor season this year in Chicago. Kid Chocolate defended his junior lightweight title against Eddie Shea at the Stadium on Aug. 4. The attendance was 5,073 and receipts, $12,423.00, the second highest gate for the 1932 outdoor season here.

The Southtown Irish Athletic association presented four open air cards at White City which drew a total of 8,974 persons who paid $18,964. A crowd of 645 paid $621 to see the show promoted by the O. F. O'Brill Athletic club at Mills stadium Aug. 17.

The West Side Boxing club, which consisted of Joe Triner, president; Sidney Strotz, secretary and treasurer and Jim Mullen and Al Miller, co-matchmakers, offered four shows. They drew 9,463 spectators who paid $12,293.60. Grant Kromenaker, the boy promoter, in his first four professional presentations, drew 4,184. Receipts totaled $3,894.53.

Charlie White, former lightweight boxer, who now is a health authority, has organized a hiking club. Each Sunday at 11 o'clock in the morning the club meets at the north entrance of the Drake hotel. White leads the members through Lincoln park on a four to six mile hike. At the third weekly meeting White had over 500 members. The majority of them were women who listen to Charlie's health talks and exercise recitations over WGN 9 o'clock every morning, except Sunday. White has a health school at 6 North Michigan avenue.

An electric score board, the invention of Charles M. Amory, of Miami, Fla., was erected at the Stadium when Max Baer met Tuffy Griffith. The board was operated by an Illinois Athletic Commission representative who designated the winner of each round by flashing a red or blue light. In the event of a draw, both lights were flashed. The State Commission experimented with the system of announcing the winner of each round several months ago.

Paul Dazzo, former Golden Gloves bantamweight champion, has reached a position as a serious contender for the featherweight championship overnight, although he has been boxing professionally four years. He stopped Frankie Wallace of Cleveland to obtain that position. Although Art Winch threw in the towel in the fourth round Dazzo was obviously superior to Wallace and a clean knockout for Dazzo was apparently forthcoming.

Danny Spunt, former boxer, staged an all star card at the Aleon arena in Aurora, Ill., to finish the outdoor season. Joe Roman, Frank Ketter, Bud Shannon, Frankie Beran, Clair Lons and Benny Burman fought. When Spunt isn't promoting he works at the market from 4 in the morning to 4 in the afternoon.

Solly King of New York and Izzy Gastanaga, Basque heavyweight whom King manages, made an impression with Chicago fans and newspapermen in their first visit here. They were accompanied by Whitey Bimstein, trainer. King got acquainted with local writers by throwing a huge party at a near north side night club, which lasted from 7 o'clock in the evening to 4 in the morning. Gastanaga, who has scored 24 knockouts in 24 rounds, and Trainer Bimstein, made a good impression in the Arcade gymnasium where Gastanaga knocked out several sparring partners. Gastanaga injured his elbow and was forced to step out of the match at the last minute.

The time honored belief that if a fighter weighs under the class limit and whips an overweight champion he takes the title has either been wrong or is being secretly passed out of existence. Gen. John V. Clinnin, chairman of the Illinois Athletic Commission, has stated that a champion who weighs in above his class limit cannot lose his championship. "A champion's foe who is overweight cannot win the championship and the rule works both ways," Gen. Clinnin said. Heretofore, as in the Joe-Dundee-Young Jack Thompson bout at White Sox park several years ago, the challenger is forced to resort to strenuous measures to add the overweight poundage in a nontitle match. According to Gen. Clinnin only the champion need be overweight.

Pep Kerwin, Western Stadium promoter, has announced that the annual Illinois senior Central A. A. U. boxing championship which was staged at Western Stadium was a huge success. He was assisted in the tournament by Carl Endriss and Sammy Abruscato. George Trafton's gymnasium, Dave Biggerstaff's club, Belle Plaines, Opal Athletic association and the Wagram Athletic club fought for the team trophy. Duffy Dvonch, Oscar O'Hannion, Einar Hedquist, Lenny Cohen, Max Karpman, Billy Lorenz, Steve Selgrat and Tom Petros were the outstanding battlers.

Grant Kromenaker, north side promoter, has leased the Rainbo Fronton, Clark street and Lawrence avenue, for the winter season. He will run bi-monthly shows until the outdoor season next year when he will reopen the Northwest stadium, 4848 Irving Park boulevard.

Harry Dublinsky, west side junior welterweight lost his first encounter to a southpaw when he met Andy Callahan, New England states lightweight champion. He won his six other bouts with left handed boxers, Henry Lenard, Oris Mosher and Freddy Tompkins being included among the victims.

Barney Ross, Roosevelt road lightweight, has served notice on Tony Canzoneri, 135 pound champion, that he is ready for a try at the title. As a means of proving his right to a championship bout Barney knocked out Frankie Petrolle in the opening indoor show at the Coliseum. Ross knocked Petrolle down with a right to the jaw in the first round for a two count and knocked him out with a left to the jaw in the second round.

Bill Duffy, manager of Primo Carnera, has announced that the 265 pound Italian boxer will fight George Godfrey, Leiperville, Pa., Negro, at Rome, Italy in November. Carnera and Duffy will sail from New York for Italy Nov. 1. Benito Mussolini, premier of Italy, is to stage the show for the unemployed in Rome.

Buck Sarginson is proud of his boxing school at East Moline, Ill. He boxed in 1922 under the name of Buck Sargent and was a lightweight. Sarginson manages Kid Leonard, the fighter who has compiled an enviable record.

Johnny Baima and Kid Irish, middleweight and featherweight, respectively, of the Dave Mearns stable, battled in the last outdoor show of the season here at Northwest stadium. Baima fought Freddy Langford, West Side Jack O'Keefe's Negro middleweight, and Irish battled Eddie Meyers of Cincinnati, O. Mearns trains his fighters at his gymnasium above radio studio WEDC at 3860 Ogden avenue, which he manages.

When Judge John H. Lyle of Chicago was a south side alderman he fought Tommy White, famous lightweight of 25 years ago, in a judges' chambers in the City Hall.

Karl Ogren, former Golden Gloves welterweight king, will return to Chicago this winter from Sweden, where he has been boxing professionally.

Some of this and a little of that—The Coliseum Boxing club lost $500 in its first show this season. . . . Harry Schuman, welterweight brother of Solly Schuman, the hot dog merchant, is undefeated since he returned from Florida last winter. . . . Nick Scialaba, former international Golden Gloves bantamweight titleholder, lost his first pro bout to Pat Flowers because he tried to outbox Flowers. . . . Young Stuhley, Kewanee, Ill., boxer, won a claim on the middleweight title by whipping Ray Tramblie of Rockford at White City. . . . Joe Glaser is managing Mike Dundee, Rock Island junior lightweight veteran. . . . Dundee has three boys who are 12, 9 and 6 years old and he is grooming them for the stage.

Mike Mitchell, Indianapolis fisticuffing gentleman, was born Michael Cohen and he has a daughter 20 years old. . . . Harry Weiss, manager of Sammy Levine and Danny Neenan, has signed to manage Eddie Ryan, St. Paul heavyweight. . . . Tuffy Griffith and Izzy Gastanaga did their training at the Arcade gymnasium for their matches against Max Baer and Les Kennedy, respectively.

Paul Pantaleo is back in action after being out of the ring for a month because of a dislocated jaw received from Charley Retzlaff . . . Harry Fierro made his first start here in over a year when he whipped Pat Flowers. . . . Baxter Calmes, who is reported to be married has recovered from a tonsil operation. . . . Little Pal won from Jackie Stewart at East Chicago, Ind. . . . Mickey Patrick beat Willie Oster here.

Buck Everett, Gary, Ind., heavyweight, held Dick Daniels to a draw and beat Harvey Mortenson and Larry Udell last month. His brother manager, Jess Everett, still has hopes of making a real heavyweight of Buck.

Fistic chips—Mrs. Max Baer receives $1,500 a month from a trust fund left by a former husband. . . . Les Kennedy is 26 years old and has two children who are with Mrs. Kennedy at Vernon, Cal. . . . Pal Moore has recovered from an attack of asthma. . . . Kid Jap is an ice cream vendor. . . . Dave Biggerstaff is boxing instructor at the Community Recreation Center, formerly the West Side K. of C. clubhouse. . . . Johnny Ertle, ex-118 pound champ, now weighs 160 pounds and is proprietor of a billiard hall at Stillwater, Minn. . . . Jerry Buckley and Mrs. Buckley are celebrating the second month birthday of a baby boy. . . . Frankie Boyle who was born Freddy Fasano, has had his mashed nose and cauliflower ears operated upon. . . . Moe Schuman and Danny Spunt have formed a partnership in the management of fighters.

The new Catholic Youth Organization Athletic Center in the Congress Bank building has opened for the training of thousands of Chicago boys in all forms of athletics. The center, which occupies four floors, is equipped with fifty-two bowling alleys, a regulation-sized ring, a modern gymnasium, and shower and rubbing rooms.

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Along *the* Great Fite Way

By EDDIE BORDEN

MOST of the interest in boxing last month was absorbed in the Schmeling-Walker fracas which took place at the Madison Square Garden Bowl. Little of any importance took place otherwise around New York during September. It was a terribly slow month with the outdoor clubs hesitating about defying the weather elements and the indoor promoters rallying their forces to prepare for a somewhat uncertain season and unable to define just what it has in store for them. In all it was the dullest month in boxing experienced in the last decade.

The New York Commission relented in its attitude about not permitting champions to engage in overweight matches and allowed Tony Canzoneri and Maxey Rosenbloom to indulge in such bouts. Champions, who are a credit to boxing—Canzoneri has done everything to place the game on a pedestal—should be encouraged and not thwarted with every possible obstacle, just for the sake of exercising judicial authority and for that reason we are happy to see the change of mind of the commission. Canzoneri went through with Lew Kersch at the Queensboro and Ray Miller at Ebbets Field for a benefit show staged by the Masons.

General John V. Clinnin and his associates of the National Boxing Association did a very wise thing in abolishing the junior-lightweight and junior-welterweight championships from their books. Both titles were synthetic and ever since they were given recognition there has always been some difficulty in maintaining the dignity that a championship title calls for. The origin of the junior lightweight title started when the New York State Commission decided to honor Johnny Dundee with that title, after he had gone through a fifteen-round bout with Jack Bernstein in the old Madison Square Garden. This was probably the worst decision ever rendered under the Walker law and although there have been mighty close duplications, in my opinion, the Dundee-Bernstein decision was the extreme in erroneous verdicts.

The beginning of the 140-pound title began when Mushy Callahan, a formidable heavy lightweight, came here looking for trouble. They pitted him against Andy Di Vodi, at that time one of New York's bright prospects. Callahan won that night by a knockout and held the title until he was stopped by Jack Kid Berg in England.

Contrary to general opinion, Berg did not lose his title when he was kayoed by Canzoneri. That fight was signed for 135 pounds and did not affect the junior-welterweight title, although it was advertised as being for both. The only way that Canzoneri could have captured the junior-welterweight title was to have signed for 140 pounds.

When Johnny Jadick defeated Canzoneri in Philadelphia he was credited with winning the crown in some quarters. THE RING maintained that Berg was the rightful owner of the title, and THE RING had many supporters in that belief. Jackie held on to the crown until he lost to Sammy Fuller at the Garden in a match which was signed for 140 pounds.

Consequently, the N. B. A. has severed itself from a headache and its entanglements and can devote itself to problems that are more serious and worth their attention. The National Boxing Association is an honorable organization and it has devoted considerable time and attention to the problems of bettering the sport and the progress it has made is encouraging.

In dropping the junior-lightweight and junior-welterweight rankings from THE RING it will be pretty tough to leave out twenty-two names from the monthly compilation, but evidently the depression has left its mark in every possible direction and even the monthly rankings were forced to stand for a cut to meet the times.

New Orleans, long considered one of the most important boxing centers in the country, has a fascinating hold on any visitor. It was our extreme pleasure to spend one week there shortly and that was too short a time to see everything Jim Corbett made ring history when he won the heavyweight title from John L. Sullivan here. The fans are far more intelligent there. They can sense a dull scrap the moment that it starts and they don't hesitate to so inform the principals. At the same time they are very appreciative in their behavior towards deserving gladiators. If a fighter comes in town and makes an exceptionally good fight, he can return as often as he likes. He can disappoint them in his next two or three starts but they turn out for him just the same.

Some great fighters of the past came from this city. Pete Herman, Joe Mandot, Pal Moran, Vic Moran, Happy Littleton, Basil Galiano and plenty others that we cannot recall. Herman is now running the Plantation Cabaret there, totally blind, but happy in the belief that next spring he will take time off to get an operation for the return of his vision—Mandot is remaining on the sidelines, inactive—Littleton is a successful automobile salesman—Basil Galiano is now a policeman—Pal Moran is managing a dance hall and his brother, Vic, is editor of a local magazine—Jimmy Moran is considered the South's leading referee and gets the choice assignments from Promoter Martin Burke, who is the only local promoter there—Burke is a happy-go-lucky individual with many of the characteristics of Dempsey, difficult to be angry at, and a friendly disposition—Martin's wife is the only one who can really control him—Broadway Johnny Cox is in town and looking after the interests of Davey Abad—Emile Bruneau, young, likeable manager, is handling Battling Shaw, a Mexican, one of Burke's best drawing cards, and Al Donnelley, who made his headquarters around Chicago three years ago.

One of the greatest characters that New Orleans ever introduced was Frankie Edwards, at one time the South's leading boxing promoter, until an incident that occurred during the promotion of the Tony Canzoneri-Eddie Kid Wolfe match—They drew a record gate of over $26,000 but none of the principals were ever paid. To this day, no one ever feels any malice toward him and they regard him as one of the most extraordinary characters ever identified with boxing—He was the type who would borrow $500 to give or loan away to anyone who came along in distress—He is somewhere in Texas running a cabaret—When Canzoneri fought Kid Chocolate last winter he sent Tony a wire wishing him good luck—Everyone is confident that he will make a strike and still return to New Orleans.

Eddie Flynn, winner of the world's Olympic welterweight title, is contemplating turning professional—If Flynn gets off to a good start he will develop into a genuine attraction—Red Walsh, who handled Pete Herman and other stars, years ago is now making the preliminary matches for Martin Burke and giving the fans plenty of excitement—Harold Buckley is handling the publicity for the shows and never boasts of any time that he can call his own—The Forest Club, New Orleans gift to the cabaret world, is the greatest of its kind in the world.

King Levinsky failed to stop the comeback of Johnny Risko and Johnny seems destined to get another crack at Sharkey or Schmeling—The determination and pluck is on Risko's side and if that counts for anything tab Risko as one of your leading heavyweight contenders—Isadoro Gastanaga was given a temporary upset when Hans Birkie gained the verdict over him at the Queensboro—Something occurred here which is deplorable—Immediately after that quick knockout over Charley Retzlaff, Gastanaga was being hoisted into a match with Carnera at Ebbets Field, but a previous contract with Birkie stood in the way—They tried to buy their way out of the Birkie contract but couldn't succeed and the Spaniard went through with the Birkie match with injured hands—On the surface it looked like a sucker match because the Spaniard had no trouble in winning in their first meeting and with the added confidence that the Retzlaff victory inspired it was expected that he would duplicate against Birkie—The best laid plans were disrupted because Birkie proved a little balky.

Charley Belanger is making a great comeback—Through his knockout over Jimmy Slattery and victory over Lew Scozza, it would appear that Charley made a wise move when he abandoned the light-heavyweight class for the heavier boys—Emil Fagan, New York amateur lightweight star, is contemplating turning professional—He has a good amateur record and if handled right might make the grade—It seems like Louis Kid Kaplan wasn't meant to get a break—After making a great fight against Frankie Petrolle in New York, he turns around and loses to Pancho Villa, a rank outsider—Gus Campbell, 19-year-old Southern welterweight, is expected North very shortly. This youngster has an impressive record and appears to be the real goods—Barney Ross is coming along so rapidly that its only a question of time before New York will see him—Whipping Ray Miller and following up with a two-round knockout over Frankie Petrolle is not to be sneezed at—Paul Dazzo came through with a corking win when he was credited with a four-round knockout over Frankie Wallace—Wallace is the Cleveland featherweight who whipped Freddy Miller—Ray Kiser gave a great exhibition of gameness against Eddie Kid Wolfe in New Orleans but it wasn't enough to win the verdict, in spite of his furious finish—"Wildcat" Jimmy, one of New Orleans' capable trainers, is considered the ideal Beau Brummell in female company.

Max Baer provided the right touch to the heavyweight class by whipping Ernie Schaaf in the manner which established him as one of the potential stars of the future—Baer had everything when he fought in New York two years ago but fell into a lapse and appeared to have lost the class that made him stand out in the first Schaaf meeting, which he lost, but showed the real class—in the past few months Baer has beaten Levinsky, Risko, and with that decisive Schaaf victory under his belt, will be mighty hard to beat in the future. If the fight had gone a few more seconds, Baer would have been credited with a knockout and anyone knowing Schaaf's sturdy chin and amazing capacity for absorbing punishment can well understand the remarkable feat that Baer accomplished—Judging by Ernie's performance in that battle and his lackadaisical efforts in the few preceding starts should cause Ernie to sit down and have a long conversation with himself—It has been rumored that he has been discontented since Sharkey won the heavyweight title and that he would never get a crack at the title—His effortless work has cost him his standing in the heavyweight division and if he wants any recognition he will have to start all over again—It doesn't take long to attain recognition in the heavyweight class.

Before long the metropolitan fans will have to give some credit to a local boy they have overlooked for a long time—Lew Feldman, Brooklyn featherweight, gave the fans something to talk about by giving Tommy Paul a thorough pasting in Coney Island—The only thing that can be said against Feldman is that he hails from New York—Under ordinary conditions his work would be greeted by the promoters and newspapers locally but just because Lew hails from New York he is automatically barred from being considered a good foil in story form or for further development by the promoters—Feldman is a combination boxer and fighter, a fairly hard hitter and has turned in some consistent work—Murray Waxman, demon, hard working press agent, will have a good opportunity of testing his unique powers as a public relations counsel by boosting the cause of Al Ciullo, hard-hitting Brooklyn 130-pound southpaw—That is the only drawback, being a souhtpaw, and if Murray can overcome that handicap he will have accomplished a good job in putting Ciullo across in big-time style—Johnny Dundee made another of his perennial comebacks, and was beaten by a tough youngster, Al Dunbar—We hate to see Johnny engage in any more scraps but if he can get any comfort out of this remark, we hope he makes the best of it.

When Johnny sought a battle on his latest comeback campaign a promoter, thinking that Johnny could be developed into a good drawing card, wanted to protect him by digging up an opponent that couldn't lick a punching bag—Dundee got very indignant and insisted on the man getting the toughest available opponent for him—They secured a lightweight while Johnny scaled at 124 pounds—Dundee will always remain the ideal fighting man—Never asked for quarter—Always fought the toughest—And every fight on the level—That is a mark that will be mighty hard to reach, even for other top-notchers.

Gus Martel, World's Record Holder, Sends His Full Copyrighted Course on Approval. **See Page 43.**

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

THERE was not much boxing of note in Michigan during September. Of the few shows that were shown, the Wolfe-Yarosz scrap at the Fair Grounds in Detroit stood out.

Eddie "Kid" Wolfe, of Memphis and Teddy Yarosz of Pittsburgh, engaged in a hot battle. Referee Slim McLelland's decision in favor of Yarosz was booed but that is the case in all close fights. There were no knockdowns. Yarosz weighed 147½ and Wolfe weighed 145¼. Johnny Mitchell, Detroit featherweight, lost to Harry Fierro of Chicago in the semi-final of six rounds.

Pete Firpo, who was quite a fighter a while back, returned to the ring and stopped Woody Williams, another Detroit fighter. The referee halted the bout in the second round with Williams on the floor. Firpo scored a knockdown in the first round. Firpo weighed 125, Williams 124.

Juan Cruz, the little Mexican who makes Detroit his home, had little trouble with Carlo Mazzola in another six-rounder.

Holman Williams, a negro featherweight who recently gave up amateur boxing to fight for the sheckles, made his pro debut and stopped Joe Lynn of Terre Haute in the third round.

At Bay City, Marty Simmons of Saginaw shaded Johnny Hoekstra of Niles in ten rounds. It was a bloody battle.

Frankie Misko of Saginaw knocked out Emery Nemeth of Niles in the second round of the semi-final.

Wilbur Chevalier of Bay City who is about the best fighter at 126 pounds in the Middle West, seems to be quite a tough luck guy. He had a match scheduled with Jackie Johnston fall through during the month. Chevalier is a rugged fellow who never fails to please and ought to be in the big money. Chevalier lives at 110 Litchfield St., Bay City, and is his own manager. Chevalier would like nothing better than to box Eddie Shea, Roger Bernard or Frankie Wallace.

At the Arena Gardens in Detroit, Ernie Maurer, bantamweight champion of Michigan, who is the classiest bantamweight that has been seen in these parts for some time, successfully defended his title against Sammy Goldman of Grand Rapids. Maurer stopped Goldman in the eighth.

Ruben Edman of Muskegan thoroughly trounced Morrey Bowman in the semi-final. Stanley Krannenberg beat Johnny Reiggi of Detroit in six. Pete Petroskey of Muskegan knocked out Griff Walker, of Detroit in the first, Buck Kammen knocked out Eddie Doult in the third and Johnny Sikkenga drew with Len Henderson of Kalamazoo.

Ernie Maurer and Jackie Light battled ten rounds in Dearborn to a draw. It was a good fight with no thrills.

Come on, promoters, boxers, and managers, send in your news, data and pictures and they will be published in THE RING, the world's foremost boxing magazine. The writer is doing his best to make this column a worthy one. If anybody wants lists of Michigan promoters for 10 cents from me, my address is Star Route, Harbor Springs, Michigan.

Ernie Maurer and Bobby Thomas fought a thrilling ten-rounder at Detroit. Maurer won but he knew he had been in a fight.

George Riley, the Detroit negro featherweight who holds a decision over Pete De Grasse, thumped Juan Cruz in the semi-final. Holman Williams stopped Art Smith in the main preliminary. He is another good prospect. Henry Gowatch shaded Carlo Mazzola and Earl Philben knocked out Jack Coleman in one round.

The leading fighters in each division here are as follows:

Heavies: Benny Touchstone, George Trenkle.
Lightheavies: Martin Levandowski, Pretit Fararer.
Middles: Freddy Heinz, Marty Simmons.
Welters: Morrie Sherman, Ruben Edman.
Junior Welters: Orrie Mosher, Eddie Koppy.
Lights: Wesley Ramey, Jimmy Alvarado.
Junior lights: Roger Bernard, Wilbur Chevalier.
Feathers: Wilbur Chevalier, Johnny Mitchell.
Bantams: Ernie Maurer, Jackie Light.
Flys: Frankie Donnelly, Sammy Goldman.

Johnny Mitchell knocked out Billy Cooper of Detroit in the fifth to win the state featherweight championship. In the other bouts: Don McLeod, and Frankie Zabadill, Detroit lightweights drew in six, Ol Henderson knocked out Red Smith of Detroit in two, Freddy Wardick knocked out Jesse Paxton in four.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

FRANKIE WOLFRAM, Winnipeg bantam, is anchored in Sioux City at this writing. Returning to the local fistic front, after a two weeks lay-off caused by an injury to his left hand in a bout with Babe Triscaro, Frankie added Herbie Kempker and Freddie Penn to his list of victims.

A young fellow who has received but little mention in these notes, and a gentleman who is doing a great deal for the boxing game in Iowa, is our good friend Frankie Pasha, assistant to Harry Jones, local promoter.

Happy Sailor Burke, who manages the destinies of several good fighters in and around Sioux City, is lining up a busy indoor season for his gang.

Boxers, managers and promoters sending notes to me, must have same on my desk not later than the 16th of each month. My address is 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa.

In another one of the high-lights of the month, Glen Lehr, Waterloo, gave Carl Wells, Omaha, lightweight a licking in 6. Battling Nelson, Belgrade, Nebr., beat Johnny Clinch, Pittsburgh, Pa., in 6. Elmer Brown, Fort Dodge, beat Eddie Smith, Minneapolis, in 6. Kid Larson, Sioux City, won over Pete Regal, Tulsa, Okla., in 4. Arlo Van Buskirk, Sioux City, beat Dewey Heinsma, Rock Rapids, in 4. Speedy Clayton, Sioux Falls, beat Kid Newman, Merrill, in 4.

ALONG SIOUX CITY'S FITE WAY. . . . Sailor Burke never forgets to tell the one about the time he received a quarter for the job. . . . Johnny Burds invested in a new pair of knickers. . . . Jack Lewis, Omaha boxing manager, spent a day in Sioux City. . . . A new Gym will be opened here soon. . . . Baby Sacco is getting ready to jump into action again. . . . Fighters from all parts of the country hit Sioux City last summer. . . . Earl Puryear, veteran bantam, is now located at Omaha. . . . Tod Morgan, local Jr. welter, never fails to give the fans plenty of thrills, win or lose. . . . Frankie Wolfram, Canadian bantam, informs us he would like another crack at Babe Triscaro. . . . Si Sandage is training Ray Vaughn, a young lightweight. . . . Johnny Ford, veteran Omaha manager, has an ace in Johnny Smogye, Omaha, welter. . . . Bud Hunt, local fight fan, never fails to say "Is THE RING out yet?"

LAST MINUTE SPARKS. . . . Pete Regal has headed for the South. . . . Frankie Pasha works at the Martin Hotel Billard Parlors. . . . Frankie Wolfram is the best drawing card to hit Sioux City. . . . Al Pahl, local lightweight, is booked for a busy season. . . . The best looking prospect for the month looks like Ray Vaughn, lightweight. . . . Old man space says sign off.

ST. LOUIS DISTRICT
By BOB RILEY

LOU TERRY, St. Louis lightweight, and Dave Barry, St. Louis bantamweight, did more fighting in the past month than the majority of all the local leather pushers added together did in the whole summer.

At St. Louis, Lou Terry stopped Jack Sharkey, Oshkosh, Wis., in round 1; Allen Mathews, colored local middleweight, knocked out Benny Deathpain, St. Louis, in the fourth.

At St. Louis: Al Stillman, local light heavyweight, drew with "Rosy" Rosales, Cleveland; Allen Mathews won on T.K.O. 7 rounds from Benny Stanley, Chicago; "Young" Wills, Chicago Negro lightheavy, won from Benny Deathpain; Joe Huff, St. Louis welter, drew with Ken Disch, Cleveland.

At St. Louis: Sammy Slaughter, Terre Haute Negro middleweight, beat Allen Mathews 10 rounds; Lou Terry stopped Pat Murphy, Terre Haute, in 5 rounds; Dave Barry kayoed "Scrip" D'Olive, Mexico, 1 round.

At Fort Smith, Ark.: Lou Terry knocked out Sammy Ward, Texas, 7 rounds; Dave Barry knocked out Kid Adams, Fort Smith, 9 rounds.

At Fort Smith, Ark.: Dave Barry pounded out an easy win over "Kid" Granite, Oklahoma City.

Dave Barry, winner of 44 out of 46 bouts with 21 knockouts and 42 opponents on the floor, is in line for a title shot this winter. Local promoters have mapped out a tough schedule for him with Harry Fierro, Willie Davies, Freddy Miller and "Kid" Francis figuring to oppose him.

Fighters and managers wishing to show in St. Louis get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

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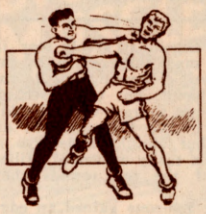

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

FREDDIE MILLER, Cincinnati's sole star in the fistic firmament, made his return to the wars in his home town, a pleasing one to the fans from a battle standpoint, but to himself, a very sad affair. Freddie got a draw with Frankie Wallace, his arch rival in the featherweight division from Cleveland, but he didn't deserve it as the little upstate Italian easily outscored Miller from start to finish, of the ten rounds they routed.

In the prelims Frankie Sanzone gained an edge over Jess Freeman for the junior lightweight crown of Greater Cincinnati. In Joey Kushner, Cleveland southpaw, bent Al Hamilton, Cincinnati lightweight, and Pee Wee Weghorn trimmed Charley Lightfoot in four rounds. Young Camille and Lou Bauman were the referees and Herman Katz's Parkway Club promoted the match.

Dick Clark, Memphis, Tenn., welterweight, handed Jimmy Neal of Cincinnati a lacing at his Oakley Square.

Frankie Meiners outscored Young Baldomero, Mexico in the eight round semi windup with Ed Went kayoing Johnny Nickoles in 1; Gene Black stopping Jimmy Sanzone in 5; Spider Kelly trimming Don Rawson and Johnny Legare drawing Jack Jordan in four rounds of the preliminary tussels.

Miamisburg, O.—Dick Leis, Miamisburg, defeated Young Condi, Dayton in 10; Rocky Dolan, Miamisburg, trimmed Freddy Sheppard, Middletown, in 6; Harry Brown beat Art Rothman in 4; Hans Carter Larry Carraba 4, Carter winning; Ellie Morningstar draw with Bo Condon in 4.

One of the best middleweights developed in Middletown, O., in years is Cliff Cassidy. Cassidy gave Dick Leis, the Miamisburg star, a neat lacing in the former's back yard and then a few days later gained the decision in ten rounds over Kid Farmer of Lancaster, O., at Rock Bridge, O. Cassidy has fought some of the best around Cincinnati, but has yet to make his debut in the Queen City proper.

Around Fountain Square with the Punchers and their Pilots . . . Jack Stanley, the debonair Cincinnati welter, when signing personal contracts, puts the correct J. H. on same . . . which reads Stanley Hutchinson. . . . Stanley has left his old pilot Fred Batsche but his new one is yet not on record. . . . Better think it over Jack . . . many a good boy has deserted his manager and landed in the scrap heap . . . example . . . a recent Cincinnati featherweight on top and now on the bottom . . . did you know that Chick Harris, colored light heavy from Covington is one of the best singers and banjo players in the country . . . a wonder why no good live wire agent hasn't grabbed Chick off long ago . . . why Willie Sullivan, former Kentucky announcer has not come back since last summer . . . a thought why Herman Katz does not match Maxie Koshover with someone like Billy Rose, Vince Hambright or Jack Stanley . . . any of which would outdraw Koshover versus out of town foe . . . only three good topnotchers in Cinci . . . Miller, Koshover and Stanley . . . best prospects . . . Sanzone, Clark, Calhoun . . . Nix Dentons column in the *Times Star* still drawing more comment than any other . . . a word for Eddie Donnellon of the *Leader*, a Community weekly. . . . Eddie's stuff is red hot and none in his line outrank him. . . . George Siler, hero of many a ring scrap hereabouts just nearly wrote finis with his career the other day when he was taken to the Longview Asylum . . . there never was a better scrapper than Siler when he was in his prime. . . .

Two so called Kentucky championships exchanged hands on September 1, at Lexington when Clyde Johns of Louisville whipped Young Hebe in the flyweight division and Bill Roderer won from Johnny Mack, heavyweights. Frankie Palmo, Cincinnati, drew with Freddie Eiler of Louisville, in the ten round main go and the other results were Art Federle beating Joe Lenahan and Red Harding decisioning Kid Edwards.

Youngstown, O.—Babe Triscaro, Cleveland bantamweight and champion of Ohio knocked out Louis Papipenero, Toledo in 1. Jimmy Engle, Youngstown shaded Johnny Nichols of Cleveland in 6, while Sammy O'Dell, Akron, won a six-rounder from Al Reno of Youngstown.

Abe Menachoff, the classy Jewish featherweight from Cincinnati plans to make a comeback in the ring soon. Abe, twice amateur champion of Ohio always gives a great account of himself in the ring and his return will be welcomed by many Ohio fans. Menachoff is a brother of Oscar Koff, the former lightweight champion of Ohio.

Miamisburg, O.—Dick Leis, Miamisburg, knocked out Wild Bill Hayes of New Mexico; Rockey Dolan defeated Prince Taylor in 6; Leo Maddaffri drew with Tony Carraba in 4; Jimmy Sailor drew Art Rothman in 4; Earl Longstrom won from Kid Bauer in 4, and Woody Blair knocked out Dynamite Zupper in 2.

Information on the game in this territory will be supplied by the writer if enclosed self-stamped envelope is received with letter. Addrss 2810 Sidny Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

At Springfield, Jimmy Glenn of that city won the decision in 10 rounds over Mickey Fedore of Canton. In the semi-final, Tiger Walker of Zanesville beat Kid Smith of Chillicothe. Kid Clemmons drew with Tony Usas while Johnny Anon kayoed Billy Martin in the fourth of six round slated go's.

On the opening boxing show staged at the Dixie Gardens in Middletown, Cliff Cassidy knocked out George Hanson of Bellaire, O., in the seventh round. Jess Freeman of Kansas, decisioned Freddy Sheppard in the six-round semi-windup while in the other bouts, Jimmy Saylor stopped Mike Durrah, and Frankie Bauman drew with Ivan Anderson.

WRESTLING GABS
By JIMMIE J. AMANN

EDDIE GERHARDT, boxing promoter from Cincinnati for over 25 years has invaded the wrestling game and has staged several great cards at the Northside Ball Park. Gerhardt tossed up the sponge with his partner at that park due to lack of large seating capacity and is now dickering for a larger outdoor and indoor arena to operate during the winter months. Gerhardt always gave the fans real boxing and he hopes to do likewise in the mat game.

At the annual St. Williams Festival in Price Hill, Gus Von Schindler, the German strangle artist from Tampa, Fla., was downed by Sailor Parker of Norfolk, Va., in 23 minutes via the lift and slam.

Promoter Eddie Gerhardt is dickering for some of the big heavyweights to show in his Cincinnati indoor arena and some of the men who will probably appear here are Jim Londos, the champion; Strangler Lewis, his rival champion claimant; Sandor Szabo, Pat McGill, Rudy Dusek, Hugh Nichols, light heavyweight champion; Leo Pinetski and the other leaders of the big division.

St. Louis, Mo. came through with some classy shows during the past month. Sandor Szabo met Tiny Roebuck, Szabo winning while Earl McCready tossed Roland Kirchmeyer. These bouts were held at the Battery A on Grand Boulevard and large crowds turned out for both tussles. The Arena is under Matchmaker Leon Balkin.

Lou Daro, Los Angeles promoter continues to be the cock of the walk on the West Coast despite the recent "American Legion Heavyweight Championship Bout" in which John Pesek of Nebraska defeated Floyd Marshall, blond California giant.

At Seattle, Wash., Jack Reynolds, world's welterweight king took Jack Gorman, Texas champion and winner of Seattle elimination, into camp in a finish match of eight rounds, ten minutes each.

The Gerhardt Sports Promotions, located in Cincinnati, seems to have taken the long string from his rival promoters in that city. Gerhardt is reaching out and securing some of the best wrestlers in the country and he is still in the market for more, which should encourage the ears of some of the matmen who are lying idle here and there.

Wrestling is now in the midst of its deadly crisis with "was" springing up everywhere. In St. Louis, it is Packs vs. Berberich; New York, Curley vs. Johnston; Cincinnati, Gerhardt vs. Singleton; Columbus, Haft vs. Nolan; Los Angeles, Daro vs. Legion. The better things are patched up among the rival wrestling clubs, the sooner wrestling will return to its top form.

Wrestlers with good records of all weights, who are active now, unattached and would like to work for the Zoo Belda Sports Promotions in Cincinnati will do well to get in touch with Promoter E. Gerhardt at once at 1528 Republic Street, Cincinnati, or through the writer of this column at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

John Pesek, the Nebraska Tigerman has been acclaimed the American Legion heavyweight titleholder in Los Angeles.

Johnny Stote, the Schenectady (N. Y.) Speed Boy, who is recognized in the East as the World's Welterweight champion, is another top notcher. Stote is a big drawing card in the Middle West and some of his victims include the ten best rated welters of the world. Stote would pack the Zoo to the rafters were he to meet any of the following top notchers, Hiram Albertson, of Miami, Fla.; Sailor Parker of Norfolk, Va., or Freddy Krause of New York.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

RAFAEL VALDES, by virtue of an eight-round knockout over Julio Recio, was crowned new flyweight champion of Cuba. Valdes, who is a mere lad, has been coming along like a house afire, and his possession of the title should boost Cuba in the boxing world. Rafael is clever, speedy, and a wonderful little show man. He should go over big in the U. S. His manager, Senor Gonzalez, is planning a tour, and will probably go to the U. S. and Canada.

Paulino Dieguez drew in six rounds with Martin Rivero, and Isidro Delgado won a T. K. O. over Kid Vallespin, while Valentin Pedroso outpointed Kid Filharmonica in four.

Crisco Perez, a rip snorting lightweight, outpointed Higgino Ruiz in six. This Crisco boy takes the crowd every time he performs. He later gained a six-round decision over Rodolfo de Armas alias Berlenbach. Benny Yayakan beat Julian Mirave in six, and Felix de la Vega beat Marinito Diaz in another six. Valentin Pedroso outpointed Pete Vivas.

Pancho Martinez scored a two-round k.o. over Baby Marmon, Panchon is a speedy youngster. He is on the trail of the bantamweight title. Joaquin Torregrosa won in six rounds over Joaquin Torres and Jimmy Valentino beat Joaquin Jorge.

Antonio Horas put over a wonderful exhibition of boxing when he outpointed Benny Yayakan, the tough and aggressive Armenian, in six rounds. Frank Ortiz scored a T.K.O. over Panteleon Cuesta in six rounds. Soldier Molina beat Battling Nelson in six rounds .

Antonio Santana, Cuba's hard-hitting southpaw bantam, left for Panama where he has three bouts signed up. Santana is a fine performer and should make a hit.

Mario Kid Sanchez, after a successful invasion of Mexico, has returned to Havana. He is a great bantamweight.

Jess Losada left for Panama with several good fighters.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

BONNER SPRINGS, KANS.—Tommy Simms defeated Joe Robinson, both Negroes, in 6 rounds.

Miami, Okla.—Sandy Robinson of Joplin, Billy Newton's welter ace, knocked out Mickey Mack in 7. George Windham and Frankie Smirl fought a draw in 8. Reddy Daniels beat Merrill Masters in 6. Glen Schmidt and Dick Hutchinson drew in 6. Ernie Proffett beat Harold Siders in 6 rounds.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Sandy Robinson won a close 10-round decision from Mickey Thomas. Leo Selby beat Mickey Mack in 10. Glynn Dixon knocked out Bert Norris in 1. Jack Smith knocked out Dicky Dillman in 2. Sherman Hockett beat Roddy Arnold in 6 rounds.

Neodesha, Kans.—Ira Krueger has opened the fall boxing season. M. S. Marshall has opened for the winter at Fort Scott, Kansas.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Howard Scott won over Jimmie Craig. Mickey Mack beat Chief Whitehorse Keel in 8. Mickey Thomas knocked out Chuck Sampica in 3. Leo Selby beat Ralph Uptegraft in 6. Duke Goodwin knocked out Bert Norris in 4 rounds.

Okla. City, Okla.—Babe Hunt knocked out Chuck Elberts in two rounds. Jesse James beat Swede Burgwin in 6. Louie Avery beat Bill Smith in 8. Kid Granite and Bobby Calmes drew in 6.

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CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

JOHNNY RISKO, Cleveland's entry for a title fight, who has won three straights in the Cleveland Stadium, getting the duke over "Mickey" Walker, Tuffy Griffiths and King Levinsky, is in line for a title fight if he can coax Jack Sharkey into the ring.

Ed Bang, Cleveland's Santa Claus for the Kiddies, put on his usual Xmas Fund Benefit Show recently, featuring Levinsky and Johnny Risko. The judges agreed on Risko, while the referee, Matty Brock, voted for his countryman, King Levinsky. Risko is eager to box the winner of the Walker-Schmeling fight for his chance.

Joey Goodman returned from the Pacific Coast where he won all six of his fights. He is now in great condition and I hope soon to have him appear in both the Garden of New York and the Coliseum of Chicago.

Walter Taylor has cancelled his contract to run shows at the Public auditorium. He will confine his efforts to the old Central armory—and the Equestrium.

Eddie Meade, plans going in the Auditorium, and the Grays armory the coming season.

Charley Marotta is running wrestling matches at the Auditorium. He expects to go into the Central armory soon. Meade as well as Taylor may take a flyer running boxing shows there as the rental is much less than at the public auditorium.

Pallett knocked out Wild Bill Eck, at Zanesville and boxed a rattling ten round draw with Dave Getchell, Jimmy Dunn's heavyweight at Upper Sandusky.

Charley O'Connell has been appointed boxing instructor in a coast college.

Jimmy Dunn is after all the high class bantams for his fighter Ross Fields. He wants another crack at Babe Triscaro.

Billy Cain, the coast flyweight, is also after Fields or Triscaro. Cain is working out under the watchful eye of Eagle Eye Tumo—who runs the Argonne A. C. on Superior Avenue.

Jimmy Dunn has a promising lightweight in Micky Duris of Johnstown, Pa., a consistent winner around the Smoky City.

Paul Pirrone flattened the Alabama Kid at New Philadelphia in a charity show.

Johnny Farr is after another fight with Kid Chocolate. The little Mayfield warrior is still going in great form.

Phil Zwick who left Cleveland to make his home at Pittsburgh, has returned here again.

Johnny Datto, Mose Donley's colorful Filipino, knocked out Charley Baxter in the third. Datto can punch.

Manny Robins is at it again—this time with Carman Barth, the Olympic middleweight king. Barth is good enough right now to lick a carload of the so called middleweights, and I am going to turn him pro. said Manny to the writer.

Tom Stanley has started booking Frankie Simms. He is also getting Eddie Simms right up in the big money.

Johnny Kilbane is planning a trip over to Ireland in search of a big heavyweight. He will take several boxers along on the trip.

Piker Moran is after the local welterweights. He is managed by Joe Tuma.

Tommy McGinty plans running shows all winter in Cleveland.

The writer is handling all of Jack Hennessy's fighters out of Philadelphia. He would like to hear from any of the local promoters on Peitro Lorenzo of Cuba, 118 to 122 lbs.—rated as the best bantam prospect in the country by Eddie Borden—in the June issue of THE RING.

Jack also has Matty White—a corking 126-pounder—Bobby Dechter, 126—who is anxious to box Phil Zwick—Also Buddy Roberts 170—and Jack Taylor who is anxious to box Eddie Simms-Risko or any of the local heavies.

Babe Triscaro—who almost put Willie Davies away in the first round of their six heater at the Public auditorium, only to lose the duke, has come back by defeating Ross Fields and following it up by lambasting Frankie Wolfram, the star Canadian flyweight. The Babe is getting better in every fight.

Chuck Sotak, has Jimmy Vaughn boxing around the state—and going very well. Here is another kid who bears watching.

Dave Harris has a great little colored lightweight in Tiger Walker—but can't seem to get him in Cleveland.

Johnny Hayes of Philadelphia vs. Joey Goodman would make a good card for middle western promoters.

Dave Harris is still running shows at Zanesville.

Al Zill is planning on running wrestling and boxing shows again at Youngstown as the mills have opened again down there.

Shang Welch will promote shows at the Akron Armory.

Gerald Ely is getting ready for his fall and winter season at Indianapolis.

IN OKLAHOMA
By HOOKS GIBSON

LOU CUTLER at Oklahoma City is running popular priced shows featuring local talent and drawing fair sized gates. Results of recent shows are as follows: Frankie Graham and Bat. Delgado, featherweights, fought a sensational ten-round draw. Billy Smith, El Reno welter, easily beat Tuffy Burnett of Shawnee. Chief Parrish, Art MaGirl's lightweight protege gave George Williams a lacing in four rounds. Neil Johnson beat Paul Sharpe in four rounds. The following week, Frankie Graham returned to win over Kid Granite in ten rounds. In a return match, Neil Johnson settled all dispute of his supremacy over Paul Sharpe by knocking the Biloxi, Miss. battler out in the fourth. Chief Parrish won from Jimmy Hatfield of Duncan in four rounds.

Johnny Ward, ex-lightweight boxer and now promoter at El Reno, Okla., staged a program featuring Larkin Colley of El Reno and Neil Johnson of Okla. City, Colley winning by a K. O. in the third.

Bob Hunt of the Southwest Boxing Enterprises, who divides his time between drilling oil wells and handling fighters, is attempting to promote amateur boxing in Robinson, Ill. The other member of the firm, Harry Bell, is directing the affairs of their fighters in the south and middle west, Onyx Roach, manager of Babe Hunt and Bob Williams, has moved to Florida with his two Oklahoma heavyweights. He is expecting a busy season for the big boys there. The southwest's most notorious outlaw, Charles "Pretty Boy" Floyd was a promising welterweight fighter before he turned to robbing banks. John Ford, Harry Bell's elongated light-heavyweight was a school teacher in Arkansas before he started leather pushing. Art MaGirl, former middleweight boxer and trainer of Babe Hunt, is running a gym in Oklahoma City and developing a string of amateur fighters. C. C. Cook is strong for his colored middleweight star, Tiger Gibson, and will back him with cold cash against any of the dusky battlers in the middle west. The Tiger can really fight and should be in faster company.

Jack Donaho, the fighting messenger boy, shows promise of developing into a lightweight contender.

Amateur boxers showing ability are in demand around Oklahoma City. The most promising simon-pures developed there are Bob Cook, H.; Bugs Cartwright, LH.; Jess Long, M.; Jimmy Caesar, W. and Danny Britt. F.

Okla. City, Okla.—Battling Delgado and Frankie Graham fought 10 rounds to a draw! Neil Johnson beat Paul Sharp in 6. Bill Smith beat Tuffey Burnet in 6. Speedy Shafer beat Jackie Johnson in 4.

St. Louis, Mo.—Sammy Kid Slaughter beat Allen Matthews in a 10-round main event.

Okla. City, Okla.—Frankie Graham beat Kid Granite in a fast 10-round bout. Neil Johnson knocked out Paul Sharp in 4. Speedy Shafer beat young Jack Johnson in 4. Chief Paris beat Jimmy Hatfield in 4 rounds.

Topeka, Kans.—Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the state boxing commission, reports that after a two-months' lull in boxing activities, the game is due for a decided upturn if inquiries from various clubs is an indicator.

Tulsa, Okla.—At Mayor Newblock's Emergency Benefit show Mickey Thomas beat Floyd Harrington in 6. Peewee Terry beat Gyp Zarro in 6. Oll Bray knocked out Chief Terapin in 2. Earl Mason knocked out Jack Smith in 6.

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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

MAXIE ROSENBLOOM beat Bob Godwin in ten torrid rounds at the Twin City Arena, Laurel, Md. Godwin extended the light-heavy titleholder and the fight was a good one. Arthur Debeve, veteran French lightweight, took the show with his impressive win over Freddie Haverlak. Debeve who is well past forty and a veteran of 500 battles was in top form and sure got a hand on leaving the ring. The best crowd of the season attended.

Reds Barry, Washington heavyweight, had an easy time with Eddie Houghton of Philadelphia on an all-star card at the Twin City. Harry Lennox surprised by winning over Nick Antonelli, while Sailor McKenna did likewise to Bobby Burns.

Jimmy Reed, Florida lightweight who has been going great guns in these parts, hit a snag down at Virginia Beach, Va., and lost a ten-round duke to Jackie Portney; Reed had previously licked Portney at the Twin City Arena. Jackie Simpson of Florida beat Young Grimes in the six-round semi-final.

Buster Brown, Baltimore lightweight and Henry Firpo of Philadelphia, Pa., staged one of the best fights seen in Baltimore in many a day with Firpo getting the nod in ten rounds. Vince Serio beat Pete DeAngeles in the feature prelim. Leroy Zinkham lost to Charley Thompson in six K.O. Burns beat Sam Finazzo in six rounds.

Maxie Rosenbloom returned to the Twin City at Laurel, Md., to paste Natie Brown over the ten-round route. Ray Bowen flattened Freddie Haverlak in the second round of the semi-final bout. Arthur Debeve won over Sailor Leonard in an interesting bout. Sailor McKenna won over Roy Manley and Sammy Hogan dropped a close on to Jack Quigley.

Ace Dundee, Baltimore featherweight, formerly boxing under the name of Young Meolia, sprung a surprise recently when he won over Jimmy Tramberia in eight rounds at Baltimore. Tramberia was a top-heavy favorite.

Joe Knight, the southern lightheavy titleholder, made an appearance at the Twin City and knocked out Bob Tow in four rounds. Until the final punch the fight was an interesting one. Knight, who came to Washington with victories over Maxie Rosenbloom and Bob Godwin, lived up to his advance notices. Ray Swanson, stablemate of Knight, made a hit in the eight-round semi-final by beating Red Bush.

Pickups—Chris Dundee, who promoted successfully at Virginia Beach, Va., all summer, moved into the Oasis Club at Portsmouth, Va., for the indoor season. The Oasis club is one of the best indoor arenas in the south. Frankie Mann hopes to again make the matches for the Portner Arena at Alexandria, Va., under the flag of the Day Nursery Society, last season the Day Nursery Society got a good slice with the professional boys holding the bag. Reds Barry is the only Washington boxer to stand out these days. Many of the Washington fans thought Reds licked Bob Godwin the last time out. The outdoor season at Ocean City, Md., is over and was a successful one. Eastern Shore fans will now get their boxing at Salisbury, Md., and possibly, Pokomoke City. Both towns have especially constructed boxing arenas. Joe Hanna will again promote in the Armory at Roanoke, Va. Vic Vicker, veteran promoter at Cumberland, Md., is laying plans for his indoor season. Another good boxing town to get started is Hagerstown, Md., with Gus Ludwig sponsoring the shows. Jackie Portney, Baltimore lightweight is now under the management of Maxie Waxman who has returned to Baltimore and will promote in conjunction with Joe Dundee there. Eddie Ross, veteran handler of boxers is no longer looking after Bobby Burns. Frankie DeAngelo, Washington featherweight, is about to make a comeback.

ERIE AND VICINITY

By LEW KROHN

THE boxing game in Erie was quiet during the summer, but two clubs will be running regularly from now on.

Freddie Dailey, well known to most of the fight followers, is going to try his hand at promoting again. Dailey will operate at the Auditorium.

Jimmy Reed who formerly made Erie his headquarters, has been going great guns along the Atlantic Seaboard from Baltimore to Miami. He is expected to show in Erie again before long.

The government tax on fight shows of 10% is indeed a hurdle for the promoter to overcome, particularly in cities the size of Erie. This tax in additon to the state tax of 5% makes it a rather difficult thing for the promoter to make expenses on a show.

Tommy Freeman, former welter-weight champion of the world, has left for his home in Miami, Florida. Before leaving Erie he made quite a hit in Pittsburgh by defeating some of the best middleweights in the district. The Freeman-Yarozs match will certainly be a sell-out in Pittsburgh when it is held.

Erie's beautiful Stadium was finally used for boxing. After five years of ruling by the reform element, the school-board voted to allow boxing in the Stadium, and a benefit performance by the General Electric Athletic Association, attracted about 7,000 men and women.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP

By WILLIAM PIKOR

JIMMY THOMAS, of Pittsburgh, hard-hitting negro bantam, scored an impressive ten-round victory over Art Giroux, former Canadian champion, at Hickey Park Bowl, Millvale.

Teddy Yarosz, the Monaca mauler registered his 56th consecutive triumph and third one over Jimmy Belmont, the Braddock slugger, at Hickey Park.

Frank Novak, the tough Northside heavyweight, battled George Panka, of Homestead, for the district supremacy. Panka came through a clear winner.

Frankie Goosby, elongated Cleveland negro, a treat to the eye, fought his second main bout at Greenlee Field in three starts there when he kayoed Jack Wilson in six episodes.

Willus Britt, the globe-trotting fight manager, has located in this territory. He has entered partnership with Bunny Buntach in handling fighters. George Panka is their ace.

Joe Marcus, a newcomer from Oregon, is here. He is fighting out of the Britt-Buntach entourage.

Johnny Datto plans to remain here for the winter campaign now that he's stopped Charley Baxter. Following the Baxter encounter Datto fought Jimmy Dean, tough Erie negro, and won handily.

Joe Marcus defeated Patsy Hennigan in the semi-final to the George Panka-Frank Novak bout.

Greenlee Field closed its outdoor season with Joe Mazer and his matchmaker, Jules Beck, offering a card of six bouts of six rounds each, all good ones.

The Palisades Rink in McKeesport, known to the fight game as the Majestic A. C., was the first local arena to commence the indoor campaign. The promoter, Jim McGirr, had Billy Holt in against Harry (Kid) Wallace. Holt scored a knockout.

Jack London would like to know why all the top-notch bantamweights decline offers to box his southpaw ace, Mose Butch. Since the contenders side-track Mose the promoters will have to get the champion.

Joey Bosak, of Chicago, former Golden Gloves champion, was beaten by Pittsburgh's best featherweight, Jackie Wilson, here.

Joey Spiegal, the flashy Uniontown, Pa., welterweight, is now fighting for Frank Klaus.

Carl Gross, of Braddock, Frank Klaus heavyweight, technically stopped Leo (Jack) Clements of Jeanette, Pa., in the fourth round on the Thomas-Giroux and Datto-Dean double-bill at Millvale.

Joe Zivic, brother of Jack, Pete, Eddie and Fritz, is now a local referee.

Hans Roberts, former local welterweight sensation, tried a comeback and was beaten by General Burr, colored Aliquippa welter.

Matchmaker Jules Beck and Gen. Manager Joe Mazer, hold their regular Monday night shows at Motor Square Garden.

Eddie Kapphan has a new indoor arena on Western Avenue on the Northside. Bill Dummer is supervisor. Lew Raymond has been appointed as matchmaker.

Send your news items for publication in this column to the correspondent, Bill Pikor, Donora, Pennsylvania, and enclose stamp for prompt reply. Boxers asking for bouts in this section should enclose photos and record.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

WHILE hardly the biggest event of the season as regards attendance, and that was small, the quick upset here of Walter Cobb of Baltimore, Kansas, and elsewhere by Edward "Unknown" Winston of Waterbury, Conn., at Fenway Park, was the most startling surprise. The bout, the feature of Eddie Mack's Argonne A. A., lasted but 4:55 of actual fighting time. It was contended by Cobb that he was hit before he was ready to fight, a rather lame explanation, but as the scrap was a thriller while it lasted, there is a likelihood that the pair will be re-matched later on. The defeat knocked Cobb out of several important fights elsewhere.

The surprise registered by Winston in his quick defeat of Cobb was a ushered in, in a sense, by the defeat of Ad Zachow of Dover, N. H., quick winner over Leo Larivee, by Lou Brouillard of Worcester, N. E. welter champion and former National champion. This fight was staged in the Boston Garden, the first boxing tourney in that arena for months, and drew more than 13,000 fans and a gate of about $16,000. For the fall and winter season's opener at the Garden, it went over very big—a hopeful sign. Brouillard is now the New England middleweight king.

Hy Diamond, Boston, and Nap Proulx of Taunton, collided in the semi-final, an event of six rounds. In one of the other bouts, a fray between Tony Maderios, Taunton, and Stanley Winneryk of Lawrence, the decision was a draw, the first verdict of this sort given in a Boston ring in 12 years, or since the sport was placed under the commission rule.

Kid Chocolate of Cuba made his second appearance in Boston since 1929, when he took on Steve Smith of Bridgeport, Conn., at Fenway Park, an Argonne A. A. attraction, and duplicated his several previous wins over Smith by outpointing him all the way. The distance was 10 rounds. George Salvatore of Oak Bluffs, a consistent performer in and about Boston for months, whipped Baby Jack Renault in one of the sixes. It was a hot melee and the fans cheered both contestants.

The irrepressible Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., continues in the New England limelight. Though many do not care for his style, it is effective enough to win plenty of victories. Not so long ago he took on Harry Ebbetts of Freeport, L. I., at West Springfield, and, as Ebbetts had previously whipped "Unknown" Winston, Conrad wasn't thought to have a chance. He won, however. Sept. 12, saw Conrad back in Springfield, this time as a "sub" for Ben Jeby against Bob Jasse of Revere, Mass. Again Conrad came through the victor. Since the first of the year Conrad has mingled with middles and light heavies, fighting on an average of once a week, and the only one of the lot to defeat him, whom he has not whipped, was Dave Shade. At that, the vote of the ring officials was not unanimous, Conrad getting the nod from the referee.

Portsmouth, N. H., once a lively fight town, occasionally gets back onto the map. The sport came to bat recently with a scrap between Harry Kid Roy of Montreal, and Jackie Collins of Haverhill. It was a good contest and resulted in a win for the Montreal lad.

Al Rodrigues, the Portuguese middleweight now hailing from Quincy, Mass., who is boxing under the direction of Bobby Goldman, has been forging to the front during the late summer. At Quincy, he took the number of Bud Mignault of Bridgewater in 10 fast stanzas, while in the same club on Sept. 14, he defeated Mickey Bishop of Stoughton.

The Quincy club, a new one, has taken over the Quincy Arena for the winter, and is staging tourneys every two weeks. Charley Turner, who is associated with Dan Carroll, is acting as matchmaker.

Wrestling continues to have all four feet firmly planted in Boston and vicinity. During the summer Promoters Charley Gordon and Alex MacLean, acting independently, staged weekly paying tourneys at Fenway Park and the Rollaway Rink, Revere. Gordon has taken over the Mechanics Building for the winter where he will turn loose his matmen every Wednesday night.

The American Wrestling Association has come to terms with Ray Fabiani, promoter of wrestling for two seasons at the Boston Garden. Fabiani has waived on his contract with the Garden in favor of the A. W. A. Starting at an early date, the Association plans to put on big league mat shows all winter in the Garden—will probably come to bat every two weeks if not more often.

MONTREAL TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREAL fistic circles experienced an unexpected bit of news when it was announced that the Forum, the Canadian Metropolis' largest sports palace, was no longer available for independent promoters to use to stage their shows. The Forum management was aiming at Armand Vincent, enterprising young local promoter, when it stated this ultimatum due to Vincent's action in removing the Al Brown-Spider Pladner bantam title bout to Toronto after the elimination bouts had been staged in Montreal.

Alec Moore, diminutive matchmaker for the Curley-Mondt wrestling group and Canada's foremost fight promoter some four or five years ago, will do the matchmaking for the Forum when they stage their cards, and his opening card is eagerly anticipated by the public. The Forum officials were peeved aplenty when the Brown-Pladner bout, leading up to which several bouts were staged in the Forum with the Montreal public paying the freight, was transferred to the Queen City. It looks as though Brown will not defend his title in Montreal before next spring, if ever, and Vincent is staging all his shows at the Mount Royal Arena now.

Brown made short work of Pladner by flooring him for a count of "six" with a right to the jaw and then knocked him out with his second right hand blow. The time was two minutes and twenty-one seconds of the first round. The gate was only $5,500 and that probably explains why Brown polished off the Frenchman so quickly. The same fight would have drawn $10,000 more in Montreal, which is way ahead of Toronto as a boxing centre. Now that Pladner is "out", a bout between Pete Sanstol and the winner of the Gene Hunt-Pete DeGrasse return bout would be the logical opponent for Brown's next title defense.

Sanstol took the bull by the horns and skipped down to New York for a pair of tune-up bouts in preparation for another campaign for the title crack. He triumphed over Petey Hayes at the Ridgewood Grove in the six round topliner and Eddie Bowling in the ten round main event at the Fort Hamilton Arena. He is fast regaining his last year's top form.

Armand Vincent's last card at the Forum wound up with a dramatic climax. Eugene Huat, Gus Wilson's heavy hitting bantam from France, clashed with Pete DeGrasse in the twelve round topspot and one of the best fights of the year was supplied. The judges favored the Indian flash on a split-ballot but the demonstration by the fans was so condemning that the commissioners rightly over-ruled the judges and reversed the decision to Huat's favor. Huat outpunched his flashy rival most of the way and won by a margin of three rounds.

Billy Hogan, Gus Wilson's classy lightweight protege, supplied the best thrill on the card when he knocked out Rene Taillefer, rugged local boy, in the final round of their scheduled six rounder. Hogan, who held the Golden Glove, Metropolitan A. A. U., U. S. Junior National, and other amateur titles, is headed for stardom in the ring. The other pair of six rounders saw Harold Stewart, ex-amateur star, notch up his third straight win at the expense of Henri Legros, another local lightweight, and Eddie Martin, slugging local bantam, outmaul Eddie Law, Philadelphia, in the opener.

At this writing, yours truly is in New York to be on hand for the Walker-Schmeling fight and the World Series. Visited camps of both fighters and both looked good in their workouts. Harry Levy, popular in New York and Montreal fistic circles, apparently has a rightful squawk about the way he was treated by Pete DeGrasse and his sister, who is now managing her brother. Levy had built DeGrasse up to the money shots in Montreal and then was side-tracked by Miss DeGrasse for the managerial duties.

Stray shots: Two of Montreal's most promising youngsters may be seen in New York rings during the winter. . . . They are Art Primrose. ex-amateur lightweight king, and Greggie Gregersen, ex-amateur bantam ruler, and how they can fight. . . . Both are being dodged by rivals in Montreal. . . . Johnny Nemis, Maritime middleweight star, has several bouts lined up and will be an attraction in Montreal next year. . . . Jules Racicot, young Montreal promoter, plans to pit Ladou against Tommy Paul for featherweight title at Arena late in October. . . . Phil Lightheart, young Montreal heavyweight and former Dominion champ, has drifted as far as Newfoundland where he flattened tough Jack McKenna in six heats . . . he may run across his pal, Johnny Nemis, on the way back as the latter is in Port Elgin, N. B. . . . see you next month.

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THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFMAN

BENNY BASS made new friends and regained some of his lost ones in Philadelphia when he fought one of his greatest bouts in recent years to gain the ten-round decision over Tony Falco at Convention Hall. Bass and Falco were both members of the Phil Glassman stable until a few months ago when Falco pulled out. Some of the wise money was put on Falco, figuring Bass was slipping while Falco, a product of the amateur ranks, was on the climb.

It was almost a repetition of the Bass-Harry Blitman bout of some years ago when Benny met Blitman when the latter was just starting to climb the ladder. Bass knocked Falco down four times for the count of nine and in the tenth round might have finished his former stable mate but was lenient and let Tony go the limit. This made a hit with the crowd of 6000. It would not be surprising if promoters Taylor and Gunnis angled for another Kid Chocolate-Bass bout.

Eddie Cool, Tacony 135 pounder, again beat Joey Costa of Jersey City, in eight rounds.

Jackie Willis, 128-pound South Philadelphia colored fighter, showed to good advantage in beating Johnny Canzoneri of Allentown, in six rounds. Willis has a damaging left and is plenty fast.

Popper Stopper, a tall, lanky negro light heavyweight from Tampa, Fla., who was proving a sensation in bouts at Howard Dougherty's Leiperville open air arena, ran into a real surprise and knockout when Wally Sears of Minersville, was credited with a ninth round verdict. Sears substituted for Cowboy Courtney. Sears recently stopped Tiger Thomas and broke his jaw and also K O'd Rattle Kichline. Watch this lad.

On the same bill with the Stopper-Sears windup Mickey Landis of Lancaster, knocked out George Mullins of Glenolden in the sixth round; Al Evans defeated Bill Collins; Eddie Faris outpointed Ed Devine and Gig Rooney won from Alex Visciti.

Al Ettore, West Philadelphia light heavyweight, started his 1932 indoor campaign by beating George Giaccino of South Philadelphia, in the eight-round windup at the opening of the Broadway A. C. Ettore gained the decision more decisively than in their previous meeting last spring. Ettore weighed 179 and his opponent 180.

Ernie Caesar's experience proved too much for Davey Siddons and the South Philadelphia veteran won the six-round semi-windup to the Ettore-Giaccino bout. In the other contests. Benny Britt and Jimmy Stewart drew; Kid Snowden and Tiger Johnson also drew and Joe Foglietta scored a technical knockout over Hughey Civatte in the fourth round.

Pat Haley, retired Kensington battler, has two nephews ready to step in where Pat left off. They are Martin, a lightweight and Johnny, flyweight. The two younger Healeys (that is the family name)) have been busy winning amateur bouts for the Arena A. A.

Lew Massey, clever South Philadelphia Italian lightweight, has recovered from an injured hand and is socking sparring partners in the ring again. He has several indoor matches in view.

Billy Gannon, southpaw lightweight of ten years ago, is now a trainer of boxers and associated with the Annunciation Club of South Philadelphia.

Alex Hart, in a comeback, got an eight-round draw with Johnny Hayes in the windup at Leiperville. Hart was one of the leading Quaker City lightweights a half dozen years ago but now has taken on considerable weight and entered the ring at 150½.

Jimmy Toppi, veteran promoter, is back on the job again at the Broadway A. C. in South Philadelphia, after having the doors closed since last spring. Toppi plans a busy fall and winter indoor campaign with plenty of local talent.

Jack Revello of Philadelphia, defeated Young Landis of Lancaster, in six rounds at an open air club near Lancaster. Harry Rosenberg, of Phillie, was knocked out by Ray St. Clair of Lancaster in the first round; and Harry Fry, of Phillie, was put away by Milt Finefrock, of Lancaster, in the first. The six-round windup saw Steve Nitchie of Lancaster outbox Charlie Burns of Johnstown in six rounds.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

STANLEY POREDA is the Skeeter State's best looking heavyweight prospect since Joe Jennette was in his prime. Stanley's victories over Schaaf and Carnera will make him a good indoor card.

Paul Nieman, Guttenberg play boy, got K O'ed by a mediocre fighter in the first round at Englewood. This makes Nieman's fourth defeat in a row since he broke away from the writer and tied himself up with Joe Spincola, of Fairview.

It seems that the majority of the leather pushers turn to the docks for a livelihood after they hang up the gloves. The writer knows of over a hundred ex-fighters who are now working as longshoremen, here are a few of them. Jimmy Francis, Bobby Burns, Red Allen, Babe and Young Sieger, Joey Celmars, Petey Mack, Ray Newman, Charlie Seiger, the old Iron Man from Hoboken, Lew Atkinson, Jimmy Delmont, Joey Ross and Jack Tracy among others.

There's no stopping Lou Lombardi's climbing the heights. The manner in which he defeated Steve Smith, a veteran at Staten Island, shows that he can mix with the best of them.

Buckey Keyes, also of Jersey City, in action for the first time in several months, scored a K. O. over Tony Edwards in the first. Carmen Roman of Bayonne got the nod from Jackie Mason in a stirring 8-rounder.

Irish "Chuck" Connors, a tough little battler from the coal regions of Pennsylvania, is here looking for work and is willing to meet any boy at 133 pounds.

Any promoter wishing to book this piece of fighting machine can do so by getting in touch with the writer of this column at 205 41st St., Union City, N. J.

The Mayor's Relief Committee of Rutherford put on a great fight card at the Field Grounds featuring Al Rossi and Jay Macadon. The former getting the decision. Red Cap Promoshic K. O.'ed Lew Chamura in the 6th. Jerry White drew with Charlie Grimm. Steve Kraviec stopped Wally Mills in the third. Dominick Pascalli beat Eddie Bass and Ted Dolan drew with Mickey Salem.

Thanks to Nat Fleischer's generosity in reducing the price of "The Ring," the world's foremost boxing magazine, dealers in this vicinity are selling more than ever. The demand here is greater than the supply.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BOXING
By JAMES J. MANNION

CLYDE CHASTAIN, after a pleasing debut against Tony Gora, crossed gloves with a fellow countryman in the person of Adolph (Pickles) Hintz—or is it Heinz? And it is many a year since Rushcutter Bay saw a better contest between heavyweights. Fast, gritty fighting and solid punching marked every one of the fifteen rounds. Badly battered, and to all appearances well and truly out of the running during the first six rounds, Chastain fought back and earned a close points decision.

Just the opposite state of affairs was the lot of the fans who strolled along to see Billy Stribling in his two latest "matches". A partnership between Strib and Frankie Wine was the most woeful affair imaginable. As a sign of appreciation, most of the freight payers had left before the last round. They missed nothing, as it was as tame as the rest. W. L. got the decision. He scored several kilos of points to Wine's dozen or so. . . . Later Strib met Jack Renault in Brisbane. And such is the gullibility of boxing followers that they paid £1,200 to see the flamin' thing. The "Georgia Peach" threw leather at Renault for five rounds. Then Referee Harald Baker stopped the slaughter, with Renault nothing more than a mass of bloody flesh.

I cannot understand Mr. McIntosh's action in importing such old, worn out war horses as Wine and Renault. They are no match for good overseas boxers, and they are far too heavy to act as trial nags for any local boys.

Brisbane's "fancy" perhaps gained some consolation on the day following Stribling's Roman holiday, when their middleweight idol, Ron Richards, continued his winning ways. A third meeting with Billy Richards was easily won by Ron in 15 rounds. . . . A fortnight previously, Ron handed a shellacking to Frank Van, whom he knocked out in eleven heats. Van spent most of the evening on the floor. . . . It is a bit early in the piece to do any rash prophesying. But one can safely say that no aboriginal boxer since Jerry Jerome has shown such definite promise of getting somewhere, as Ron Richards is now displaying.

Cecil (Kid) Como sprang a wee surprise on us Bobby Blay rooters when he clashed with Bobby at Rushcutter Bay. Lack of true conditions, and a big disadvantage in weight, more than anything else, put Como on the losing end, though it cannot be denied that Blay forced matters from the start. He won per T. K. O. in the eleventh round. I think Blay will come back. It is his only hope of doing the big things lately predicted of him, judging from the Como match.

Jack Carroll, (10.8), has returned to the wars after a spell forced by a broken hand. Before a record gate and a full house, at Newcastle, he knocked out Billy Richards in nine stanzas. . . . Those who dubbed Carroll the uncrowned welter king must be feeling pleased over his most recent effort—the winning of the middleweight championship from Fred Hannaberry. The fight in itself was nothing extraordinary. There was absolutely no doubt as to the winner, as Carroll, 12 lbs. lighter, was far too brilliant, and easily outboxed the champion. . . . This comeback of Carroll's is no mean achievement in view of the fact that Hannaberry won their first bout by the old K.O. process. . . . The title contest was Melbourne's first big boxing event for many months. Now that Stadiums, Ltd., have set the ball rolling again, it is to be hoped that they keep it on the move.

The "Colored heavyweight championship of the world"—whatever that means—was the label put on the Al Walker-Tiger Payne mill. There certainly was "color" in it, what with black pugs and white gloves. But it was a disgrace to the word championship. Walker won on points, due mainly to his sprinting ability.

Joe Wallis was third man for the Walker-Payne affair, and it was his last job as referee at Rushcutter Bay. Always a square shooter, Wallis will be missed by regulars at the big stadium, where he has officiated for twelve years. Sydney's suburban fandom now has the sole right to gaze upon the bulk that is Mr. Joseph Wallis. And what a bulk, sez u: yes, but what a referee! . . . Adios, Joe.

Rus Critcher, former welter champ, won a hard-fought, classy 12-rounder from Bert Malcolm, at Kurri (N.S.W.) . . . and followed it with an easy win over Jerry Hostler at Newtown. . . . The present holder of the welter honors, Billy ("Blue") Jones, outpointed Jimmy Kelso in a great mill at Newcastle.

Wally Hancock has joined the band of eastern fighters now in West Australia. In his first Perth match, Wally knocked out Jack Heeney in eight rounds. His second opponent was Danny Ryan, and a full house saw the pair battle to a draw over 15 rounds. . . . Les Ferris took Taffy Jones's scalp in a close ten-rounder. . . . Full houses are the order of the day in Perth these days, and the local promoters deserve a pat on the back for the manner in which they have kept the game on its feet. . . . Jack O'Brien and Cyril Pluto, welters, went 15 rounds, with O'Brien returned as the winner.

Jack Roberts won a 10-round slugfest over Bobby Stone. But Tommy Fielding put the quietus on Roberts in the opening round of their Newcastle match.

SMALL FRY. . . . Jack Haines and Matt Murphy, both former Australian champions, have opened a Gym in Darlinghurst, Sydney. . . . Johnny Burke (10.2) cleared another hurdle when he stopped Young George Cook in six. . . . Bantamweight Ern Evans won on points from Jackie MacDonald in a 12-round bout. . . . Dasher Dean, an Adelaide boy, has gone to Perth in search of shekels and fistic glory. . . . Tony Gora won a competition for the most popular boxer in Australia. . . . George Singleton (13.8) defeated Jim Jeffries in 10 rounds. . . . Sydney Stadium's new referee is Mr. C. Barling. . . . Young Gildo won on foul from Joe Sharp. . . . at Hobart, Pat Appleton and Bob Thornton, middleweights, "fought" 15 tame rounds to a draw. . . . P. S.—Once again I beg space to moan about having to pay double rates on U. S. letters, etc. Correspondents please note that the minimum letter rate from U. S. A. to Australia is 5 cents . . . for other mail matter enquire at your local post office. Address me: 24 Farrant St., Prospect, South Australia.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

STRETCHING sleepily out of an uneventful summer, the local fistic game inaugurated the fall season with the Carnera-Lasky bill in St. Paul. Fistically speaking, the card extended encouragement for a promising fall and winter. The snappy left and shifty speed of Minny's Lasky gave Ponderous Primo no end of grief throughout their ten round tussle, although the Italian won. A husky young chap, Buck Everett, upset Larry Udell among other things when he walloped the Bismark Battler in the semi-final.

Short Socks. . . . The notorious Collins-commish exposure looks like a case of very sour grapes. . . . Let us doff the much-doffed derby to that sterling brother of Billy Petrolle, Frankie, for his unbelievable strides up the fistic bean stalk. . . . Your humble (hayfever victim) columnist greets the good ol' frost with extended arms. . . . A letter from Buck Everett's brother informs us that the outgoing press reports had it that brother Buck was trimmed by Larry Udell. . . . The result was the opposite. . . . By the way, will that Pensy Playboy, Bobbie Lerman, get in touch with yours very trooly. . . .